

The Nation,

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The Week,

THE Louisiana Committee has made its report, and Messrs. Hoar, Frye, and Wheeler conclude: That the last election was unfair, and that the colored voters and white Republicans were intimidated; that the White League does exist, and fills the colored people with terror; that more than 2,500 Republicans "must have been prevented from registration or driven by terror from the polls"; that Kellogg was elected in 1872; and that the late returns of the Returning Board were illegal. The majority report, however, which, of course, is the report of the committee, is substantially the same as that of the sub-committee, made a few weeks since. It is signed by Messrs. Foster, Phelps, Potter, and Marshall. They say that "the assumption of the minority that enough colored voters must have been prevented from voting at the late election, by the recollection of the Colfax and Coushatta killing," and by "other riots which occurred years before," to have changed the result of the election throughout the State, is, in the absence of all evidence except that both these intimidated parishes elected this year a full Kellogg ticket by increased Republican majorities, a pretty violent assumption. They declare, on the other hand, that the Conservatives specified with proof 5,200 cases of "conceded false registration in New Orleans alone," and that the registration of colored voters exceeded by 4,000 the total number of colored adult males given by the census of 1870, 86,913, while the white registry was "ten thousand less"; that in only three parishes did the Republican Supervisors of Registration make any complaint of unfair or insufficient registration, and that there is an "entire want of any direct evidence to show any general intimidation of the colored voters," and that "such intimidation as did exist in the State was rather in the interest of the Republicans than of the Conservatives"; and finally, that the election was fair, and the House of Representatives carried by the Conservatives. The whole committee recommend the Louisiana House to reseal the members expelled by the troops; and Messrs. Hoar, Frye, and Wheeler recommend that Kellogg be recognized, while Messrs. Phelps and Foster are of the opinion that a compromise, based on this recognition, might be "on the whole less intolerable than the present situation"; Messrs. Potter and Marshall utterly oppose any recognition of Kellogg. The Conservatives have sent a committee to Washington, which has had an interview with the President. He referred them to Mr. Wheeler, of the Congressional Committee, as a gentleman of the highest character, and of what elderly statesmen call "approved sagacity," and as well fitted to get up a government for them as anybody he knew.

The Senate Judiciary Committee were in December directed by the Senate to examine the "Press Gag-law," and particularly to report whether under it persons accused of libel or any other crime could be dragged from their homes to Washington to be tried by a District Court. They have now reported that the gag-law, so called, confers upon the District Courts the power to arrest offenders found in the District who are charged with crime committed in the District and hold them for trial (which was the law before), and to arrest offenders found in the District who have committed crimes against the United States in some judicial district of the United States, and to send them to such district for trial. This, the committee say, "is all." "No person can be brought into the District of Columbia under it, either for libel or any other crime." "It is equally plain that no person charged with the crime of libel in any other district or place in the United States can be arrested here"

(in Washington) "and sent to such district or place under it," for first, libel is not a crime against the laws of the United States, and, second, if libel is a crime by any Territorial laws (and if such laws could be held for such purposes to be laws of the United States), still the Act does not apply to the Territories at all. The committee finally report that the Act is "necessary and proper, and in perfect accordance with the principles of justice and the course of civilized jurisprudence." The report is signed by all the committee, including Mr. Thurman, and may therefore be taken as an authoritative settlement of the press-gag question, notwithstanding that Mr. Lyman Tremain reports himself as still unconvinced.

We have before now explained in the *Nation* that we adopted this view of the law—substantially that given unofficially some months since by Senator Frelinghuysen. We suppose there can be no doubt that it is a harmless act, but the "howl and clamor of the press" about it for the last year is rather a remarkable proof of the public odium into which Congress manages to bring its most harmless measures by the reckless manner in which it puts forward the worst men of the country as its representatives and leaders. If this District of Columbia law had been introduced into Congress as a harmless piece of "civilized jurisprudence," nothing more would probably have been heard of it; but it was, on the contrary, passed in the midst of a bitter and furious attack on the press by such men as Senator Carpenter, when the chairman of the House Judiciary happened to be, as now, a notoriously corrupt person who had an especial and avowed hostility to the press. It was passed, too, at a time when the exposure of the frauds of Shepherd, the Washington "boss," had made the press peculiarly obnoxious to all the corrupt leaders in Washington, and it was well known that a law of some sort to muzzle the press had been introduced into Congress by them. When, therefore, the present Act made its appearance it can hardly be wondered at that it was popularly supposed to be directed at the press; nor can we sympathize with the virtuous indignation of the party over the unfair use made of it by the Democrats. The people engaged in legislation at Washington seem to have a very small idea of the suspicion with which their acts are regarded by the majority of the people outside, who have gradually come in these latter days, rightly or wrongly, to regard the average Congressman (in the absence of proof of innocence) as a sort of "habitual criminal"; and, as an instance of this, we may refer to the fact that there are thousands of people, voters too, in this city who believe to-day that the recent revision of the statutes was a fraudulent job, and that they were really revised to heighten and lower duties; and this though there has been already one investigation on the subject.

In Congress, on Wednesday, Mr. Dawes succeeded in getting the Tax and Tariff Bill before the Committee of the Whole in the House, and it was debated at length, and a great deal of opposition was developed. Many amendments were proposed, but the only one adopted was that introduced by Mr. Cox of New York, to increase the duty on champagne in bottles fifty per cent. At the evening session, Mr. Butler reported a telegraph bill, making the telegraph lines "post-roads"—a thing which cannot be done under the Constitution, and which the House declined to do even under the previous question. In the Senate, on the same day, the Pinchback case came up, and Senator Ferry of Connecticut made an excellent speech in opposition, while some amusement was caused by an "issue" between Senator Stevenson and Senator West as to what the latter was smiling about; on which it appeared that Mr. West was smiling at Senator Stevenson's ignorance as to Louisiana politics. On the next day the Senate, by a vote of 39 to 22, tabled the resolution to admit Pinchback, some fifteen regular Republicans, including Messrs. Conkling and Frelinghuysen, voting with the Democrats.

The House discussed the Tax Bill again, and passed also an extremely important bill for the improvement of the mouth of the Mississippi by means of jetties, the work to be in the hands of a well-known and very skilful engineer, Mr. James B. Eads, he undertaking to do the work before claiming any pay—a very unusual and praiseworthy kind of offer, as offers go at Washington. On Friday, the Army Appropriation Bill was passed by the House.

On Saturday, in the Senate, Senator Wright of Iowa, from the Committee on Civil Service and Retrenchment, called up the joint resolution passed by the House last winter, providing that in all civil-service competitions disabled soldiers or their widows and orphans who pass the examination as the standard required "shall have precedence for appointment to any vacancy, anything in the rules of the civil service to the contrary notwithstanding," and the resolution was agreed to—yeas, 33; nays, 8. In the House, the Tax and Tariff debates were continued, and a motion to strike out the fifth section, restoring the ten per cent. "horizontal" reduction on manufactured goods, was voted down by 95 to 103. On this section the debate brought out the protectionists and free-traders in full force, and Mr. Cox of New York introduced a novel and effective argument, which we shall expect to see made great use of hereafter, as luxury grows and increases, by calling the attention of Congress to his clothes, begging the members to compare them with those of Mr. Field of Michigan, and then adding that his own were got in Canada for the sum of \$21, and asking why it was that the same clothes which would cost \$21 there we had here to pay \$50 for. Mr. Kelley of Pennsylvania delivered a home-thrust at Mr. Cox, however, by observing that he did not wonder at the latter's going to Canada to buy his clothes, as his whole policy was to degrade American labor. This provoked loud shouts on the Republican side of the House, indicating the prevailing party belief that this Canadian suit of Mr. Cox's had been introduced into the country in violation of the laws for the protection of the revenue.

In the Senate, on Monday, the Indian, West Point, and Pension Appropriation Bills were passed, while the Pacific-Mail contract came up during the debate on the Post-Office Bill, Senator West saying on behalf of the committee having the matter in charge that the clause in the bill as it came from the House repealing the contract was reported without recommendations, since the question whether the contract of 1872 is still obligatory upon the United States was then undergoing investigation at the hands of the Senate Judiciary Committee. An effort or two was made to restore the franking privilege, without success. The House passed the River and Harbor Appropriation Bill, and agreed to the Senate amendments to the House Bill with regard to the selection of jurors in the District of Columbia, the object of the bill being to facilitate the trial of William S. King, of Minnesota, for staining his "escutcheon" by the commission of perjury. An act was passed by the House to prohibit the importation, for improper purposes, of Asiatic women, and Tom Scott suffered a heavy defeat on his Texas Pacific scheme, which seems to be killed by a vote refusing to make it the special order for Wednesday evening.

The probabilities that there will have to be an extra session of Congress in order to procure the appropriations, do not seem at this writing to be increasing. The Senate on Tuesday passed the Post-office Bill (voting down the Pacific Mail subsidy, on a report from the Judiciary Committee that the contract was no longer obligatory on the Government), and the Army Appropriation Bill also went through. Mr. Dawes's Tax Bill was made so ridiculous by amendments in the Committee of the Whole on Tuesday that he himself moved that the enacting clause be struck out, and carried it by a heavy majority. When this action was reported to the House, he tried to have it recommitted to the Committee of Ways and Means, but failed, and it was then sent back to the Committee of the Whole, the House, however, having meanwhile voted against striking out the enacting clause. Finally, Mr. Dawes withdrew the

measure and offered a substitute, which chiefly differs from the first bill in taxing (at 90 cents) whiskey hereafter made, and none other, and this bill the House passed without debate. One of the jokes of the occasion was the offer of an amendment by one of the proprietors of the Saratoga Springs that all foreign mineral-waters should have a duty of three cents a quart, or twenty-five per cent. ad valorem, levied on them. This amendment was actually adopted, and yet members of Congress think it is the newspapers that make the public despise and laugh at them. The wrangle over the tariff has been mainly due to reluctance to restore the duty on tea and coffee. These articles once passed by, the field lay open to endless contention on the part of conflicting interests. Nothing now is heard of the Arkansas matter, but the *Tribune* every few days scurrilously publishes the President's proclamation of last May and his recent message in parallel columns, evidently designing to make a laugh at his expense.

The Connecticut Democrats have renominated Governor Ingersoll and their old ticket, with a fair prospect of carrying the State. Mr. David A. Wells was made permanent chairman of the convention—an unusual and deserved compliment. The resolutions demand the supremacy of civil over military government; denounce the interference of the Executive in Louisiana and Arkansas; demand hard money; declare that this is no time for increasing taxation. In the Congressional districts, or at least one of them which has a sort of reputation outside Connecticut, there is a prospect of a lively fight. This is the Fourth District, which Mr. P. T. Barnum at one time desired to represent, and which has actually been represented for four terms by Mr. William H. Barnum, a Democrat—a man of large wealth and party usefulness, but who has not been in the habit of considering that it was any part of his duty to spend his time in Washington, idling away his time in watching debates, and voting Yes or No. In fact, he has been pretty constantly absent from Washington, attending to business affairs, and travelling about the country, and has thus gradually come to have the name of an absentee who may be counted upon as likely to be absent at all critical times when his vote is needed. During the recent filibustering between the Democrats and Republicans, when his vote was sadly needed, Mr. Barnum was nowhere to be found, and it then came out that the only remembered existence of a vote cast by him was one in favor of the Pacific-Mail subsidy. Therefore, we understand, a movement is on foot among the Democrats to secure a successor for him in Judge F. A. Marden, who is understood to represent the young, progressive, and liberal Democracy, as opposed to the aged, plutocratic, and "absentee" interest.

The plaintiff rested in the Tilton-Beecher case rather unexpectedly on Tuesday afternoon, and the defence was opened yesterday. Considering the amount of trouble there has been about the matter, and the number of persons who professed to know about it, the number of witnesses called has been very small. The public has been greatly disappointed, and justly so, at the failure to produce Mr. Henry C. Bowen, and, indeed, should the defendant refuse to call him, will consider that there has been a failure of justice, and that weighty portions of the whole matter have been kept back. The notion that one of the high contracting parties to the "Tripartite Agreement" has no evidence to give about the affair is of course ridiculous. There is, perhaps, nothing in the case more comic—and there is a vein of broad comedy running all through it—than the position assigned to this instrument and the terms in which it is spoken of. The paper contains a silly, but in form solemn, agreement between three grown men not to spread dirty stories about each other, and is, in matter and manner, in all respects worthy of three big schoolboys or girls who were not kept closely enough to their studies. Instead of being burnt, however, as trash, it has assumed the rank of a state-paper, and is referred to with as much gravity as the Treaty of Westphalia or the Pragmatic Sanction, and it looks sometimes as if Tilton would seek its insertion in an appendix to Rymer's 'Fœdera.'

The only incident of note in British politics is the return, without opposition, of John Mitchel, the *ci-devant* exile of 1848, as member of the House from Tipperary County, and a motion, by Mr. Disraeli that, as he is a convicted and unpardoned felon, his election be declared void, and a new writ issued; which was carried. It would probably have been difficult for the "Home Rule" party in Ireland, if they had tried, to produce a better reason than this incident affords for believing that they will never get "Home Rule," and ought not to get it. When a powerful constituency passes over every respectable man in Ireland to pick up an old and half-crazy politician who has lived nearly thirty years out of the country, during which time he has made common cause with slaveholders and defended slavery, and tried to break up one of the few free and successful governments in the world, one feels that they are rather fitter for "a state of siege" than for constitutional government. Their next choice, after the illustrious Mitchel, is said to be his son, an ex-captain in the Confederate service, and of whom nothing else is known. There is a touch of the *opéra bouffe* about all this. Dr. Kenealy has also made his appearance in the House of Commons as member from Stoke-on-Trent, where he had a lively contest, and got in between the Conservative and Liberal candidates. The use which some of the new voters in the boroughs are disposed to make of their ballots seems not unlikely to bring a considerable number of queer people of the Kenealy type into public life. There is a widespread working-class belief even in England that the Claimant's counsel was the champion of the poor and oppressed, and that he was thrown over the bar by a triumphant and vindictive aristocracy.

The Russian Government has published a defence of the Brussels Conference in a semi-official article in the St. Petersburg *Invalide*. What it says is in substance that war is a very dreadful though necessary thing; that the usages which serve to mitigate its horrors have been much discussed by jurists and philosophers, but can never have their full effect until they are formally recognized and adopted by governments, because "Science has no power to enforce its own verdicts," and because the dicta of the professors and commentators are so often conflicting or obscure; that war, under the modern system of armaments, deranges the social machinery to a degree previously unknown, and, therefore, assumes a peculiarly cruel and destructive character, and hence the pressing need of precise official definitions of the rights and duties of commanders. "The primary object of the Brussels Conference" was, therefore, "not to make fresh regulations, but to select from the traditional, uncoded body of International Law those rules and usages adapted to the present time, and to convert them into acknowledged and binding statutes." This last sentence contains the objection to the whole scheme. Among the "rules and usages" are some which are favorable to a system of war carried on by a small force of regulars aided by determined and energetic irregulars or by what are called "popular risings," and which might be all that might be needed to repel an invasion. There are others, on the contrary, which are favorable to a system of war carried on exclusively by great organized armies, and despising or rejecting the aid of irregulars. In selecting rules and usages, therefore, for permanent adoption, the powers which maintain great armies would naturally incline to those which make great armies most effective, while those which are disposed to rely more on popular spirit and enterprise would naturally incline to those which increase the number of ways in which the private citizen may, without government orders, assail or harass the enemy; and the latter would inevitably suffer in any codification which the great European powers would be inclined to agree to.

From Germany there is little of importance beyond the rumor that Bismarck is likely to resign shortly, on attaining his sixtieth year, possibly under the pressure of increasing nervous debility, and possibly under the solicitations of his family, who are tormented by fears of his assassination, and not unreasonably, for the

fight in which he is engaged with the Church is just the kind of thing to kindle the frenzy of fanatics. It is hardly likely, however, that he will permanently withdraw from the arena until after the Pope's death, as there is every reason to believe that a *modus vivendi* would be discovered by the new Pope which would end the conflict with the Ultramontanes, and thus really close Bismarck's work. This work did not, or does not, consist simply in the consolidation of Germany, but also includes the secularization of the state—or, in other words, the emancipation of the people from ecclesiastical control, whether Catholic or Protestant. The pressure of this ridiculous tyranny was felt at nearly every point of contact between the individual and the state. To what depths of absurdity it reached is illustrated by the story, which we believe to be true, that a woman seeking a license from the police to pursue a disreputable calling had to produce a certificate of confirmation. Fresh bills have been laid before the Prussian Parliament regulating the administration of ecclesiastical property, and securing the Old Catholics a proper share of it.

The debate in the German Reichstag on the law on the civil status (*Civilstandsgesetz*), and its final passage by 207 votes against 72, are the more interesting because the measure was principally called for by Bavaria, the citadel of Rome in Germany. The Bavarian Government did not take the initiative in the Bundesrath, but strenuously supported the bill in all its stages, because, as Minister Faeustle proved, to the disgust of the Ultramontanes, as early as 1831 both chambers of the Bavarian Legislature, in a formal resolution, expressed their conviction of the urgent necessity of such a law. At present, however, such a law could not be enacted in Bavaria, as it involves a change in the constitution, and therefore a majority of two-thirds, while in the Second Chamber the anti-Ultramontanes have a majority of but one. So the only help for Bavaria was an imperial law. Prussia was prompt to come to her aid, though she had to sacrifice her own law enacted only a year ago. The gain is of course a general one, and the value of it is increased by the manner in which it has been attained.

The Right and Left Centres of the French Assembly have come to an agreement about the constitution of the Senate, to which the Left, led by Gambetta, has given in its adhesion, and which seems to be in all respects excellent, and meets with Marshal MacMahon's approval. It consists in the election of 75 senators by the Assembly—whether independently, or from lists proposed by the President of the Republic, has not been settled—and the remaining 225 by the Departments and the Colonies. The former class are irremovable; the latter, who sit for nine years, are removable every three years to the extent of one-third. The Senate fills its own vacancies, and its functions are made to agree closely with those of the American Senate. It is difficult to overestimate the importance of such a measure carried in such a way. In the first place, a Senate of the kind proposed would be the most stable and respectable upper house which has ever existed in France. In the second place, the support of the scheme by the Left shows that the party has made enormous progress in its political education; and the passage by so large a vote of what must be regarded as the chief feature in the coming constitution, is, considering the very heterogeneous composition of the Assembly, a very encouraging sign as to the prevailing political spirit. The whole affair is, in fact, a striking confirmation of the opinion we have all along held, that the debates of the last four years, which some people have been so impatient to have closed, have been in reality the means of giving French public men, and the French people generally, the best piece of political training they have ever had. Contrast this slow and deliberate formation of the Government, after innumerable parliamentary trials of strength, and under light from every quarter, by the ablest men in France, with the old plan of getting one up in a room of the Hôtel de Ville, by half-a-dozen crackbrained orators, with an enormous armed mob howling outside.

THE LATEST MUNICIPAL REFORM.

Governor TILDEN said, in his recent message to the Legislature, "that the problem of municipal government was agitating the intellect of all civilized peoples"—which is true; but we doubt if any "intellects" are as much "agitated" about it just now as those of New York City politicians. With them it is a permanent subject of agitation, although the problem, as they see it, is very simple, viz., how to get hold of city offices for distribution among the party workers. For the managing men on both sides, indeed, this has been for years the whole question of municipal government. The result is that no charter lasts long. In fact, it would be impossible, in the existing state of public opinion and with the present mode of administering municipal corporations, that it should. The first thing which any party that gets into power at Albany does, is to attempt legislation which shall give it the control of the city offices; and, if the first act does not answer the expectations of the leaders, they try another. So true is this that the discussion about the problem of municipal government which is now going on, as Mr. Tilden says, among thinking men all over the world, is really, as everybody knows, an object of secret amusement to New York politicians. They are willing enough to discuss it publicly, and to pretend to be greatly puzzled over it, and to be cudgelling their brains for a solution; but among themselves they always treat it as actually solved, and if they allude at all to the speculations of the jurists and philosophers, it is by way of joke. A good municipal government, to Bliss and Murphy, is one in which they control the appointments, and Tweed and Kelly take just the same view of the matter. Indeed, we doubt very much whether even Mr. Green would, if he were quite frank, not confess that this was his opinion too.

When the Republicans had possession of the legislature, there was a steady contest between them and the Democratic majority in this city on this subject. Now that the Democrats have possession of the legislature, we seem likely to have a contest between two sets of them—one representing the State, and the other the city—over the same subject. The city Democrats, represented by Tammany, have indeed grown to be a power which now thinks itself competent to treat with the State Democracy as an equal, if not a superior, and wishes to keep the city for itself as a real *imperium in imperio*. Under the present charter, the mayor has a right which the Republicans gave the late incumbent of the office when they thought they had control of him, of appointing the heads of departments on his sole responsibility, but he can only remove with the approval of the Governor. A new mayor, Mr. Wickham, representing Tammany, has now come into office, and he finds himself surrounded by his predecessor's appointees and protégés, some of whom, and especially Mr. Green, the Comptroller, are very obnoxious to the Tammany leaders, but of whom he cannot rid himself without the Governor's consent. Therefore, a bill has been introduced into the legislature known as the Costigan Bill, making the approval of the aldermen necessary to the mayor's appointments, but giving him absolute power of removal. In other words, should it become a law, the mayor would have to bargain with the aldermen before he could appoint, which last year was considered a very dreadful thing; but would not have to bargain with the Governor before he could remove, which last year was considered a very desirable thing. But principle has nothing to do with the matter. Tammany wishes to get rid of Green, and wishes to amend the charter for that purpose, and does not trouble its head any more than did those who have gone before it, about ideal city government. Governor Tilden has endeavored to meet the movement by a proposition, which was, however, defeated in the Assembly, that a commission should be appointed, containing Charles O'Connor and seven other leading citizens of the two parties, who should draft a general law, securing to municipalities the right of self-government, providing for the responsibility of municipal officers, and creating a carefully considered mode of removing them for cause, under which law all municipalities

could organize. This, or something like it, is perhaps what is wanted; but the Democratic majority in the Assembly took no interest in the scheme, and the chances are that the Costigan Bill will pass the Senate and that the Mayor will be enabled to remove without the Governor's approval. We would advise our readers, however, not to become too deeply interested in the Costigan Bill even if it does pass, either as an experiment in municipal government or as a change in the existing machinery. The probabilities are that, at the outside, the arrangement it makes will last but a year or two, and will end in a quarrel over the patronage between the mayor and aldermen, and in a fresh resort to legislation by the party which is worsted.

The reason of all this is, let us explain once more, that all experiments in municipal government which we witness in this city are the quarrels of a large body of persons with little or no property of their own over the division of the property of other people, of which they have secured possession, and are at liberty, within certain wide limits, to use for their own purposes. What is called "municipal government" in our day ought simply, correctly speaking, to mean the collection from the owners of property of contributions for the paving, cleansing, and lighting the streets and public places. These are the main objects of a municipal organization in our time. It has no political character, as cities had of necessity in the Middle Ages; the political character is imposed on it partly through tradition, and partly to comply with the democratic theory that the majority ought to rule over all things. The result is that a large crowd of persons, from various quarters of the globe, fortuitously collected at this point and living from hand to mouth by daily or weekly wages, finding within their reach an immense concentration of property belonging to merchants and capitalists, declare that they and the property together constitute a mysterious body called "a municipality," with certain high, far-reaching, and indefinable aims and duties; and that it is, therefore, their duty to divide the property every year in whatever manner their leaders decide to be for the general good, naturally making it go as far in wages as possible. They would take precisely the same view of the banks if they could. That is to say, a large crowd of impecunious people would enter the bank parlor at the annual meeting of the stockholders, would declare that they and the stockholders together constituted "the people," that the bank was a political institution, to be administered by the people for the general good, and that its funds should be liberally used in providing employment for poor men.

The road towards radical municipal reform, and the only one, lies through the recognition of the fact that a city is in our age simply a corporation engaged in the management of certain property for the general comfort and convenience, and that the owners of the property are the proper persons to discharge the duties of it, under State supervision. There is of course little chance that so practical a view of the matter will soon obtain complete political recognition; but it already obtains some recognition, as when the consent of certain property-holders is made necessary to the laying down of a street railroad, and when they are required to lay down sidewalks, and keep them clean, and are allowed to do their own street-sweeping. One has only to push this a little further to get almost all that is to be hoped for in the present state of human nature in the way of municipal reform, and it might be pushed very far, while leaving the numerical majority, in the shape of State supervision, all that it can justly or beneficially claim of control over other people's goods. At present the Comptroller says the city debt is increasing at the rate of \$10,000,000 per annum, and somebody is apparently expected by the newspapers to stop it; but nobody can stop it under the existing system, because the debt is being in reality increased by those who do not expect to pay the principal, and do not believe they pay the interest on it—in illustration of which we may mention that no laborer, skilled or unskilled, in the service of the city, receives the market rate of wages simply. Men are regularly paid \$2 a day by the city treasury for work which is anywhere else worth only \$1; and at this form of corruption and spoliation every city official connives, not excepting Mr. Green. Under these cir-

cumstances, it is natural and proper that the debt should increase. The outlay of communistic organizations based on simple greed ought, under the present order of the universe, to run steadily behind its receipts. We do not profess, as we have said, to be sanguine as to the adoption of the rational theory of municipal government, and doubt whether reform will come at last except under the whip of dire necessity. In fact, we think it not unlikely that the solution of the problem of governing great cities will be reached only through a process of competition between different methods. Cities trying one plan will thrive, cities persisting in another will decline, and the lesson will finally be learned through actual, though costly and prolonged, experiment. There are signs already in New York that this experiment has been fairly entered on, and that the work of spoliation will at last be arrested here, as it has been in other places, by the visible and rapid decline in the amount of the booty to be divided. In other words, the stockholders in the bank will refuse any longer to carry on business with the passers-by dropping in from the street, and will transfer their capital to places where they can manage their own business, under the State laws.

THE BOSTON RAILROAD SCANDAL.

THE Boston exposure of the construction contracts of the Chicago, Dubuque and Minnesota, and the Chicago, Clinton and Dubuque Railroads, will probably do something, for the time at least, to fix public attention upon a branch of the railroad question which much needs it. The two roads we have named were built as dependencies of the Chicago, Burlington and Quincy Railroad; or, in other words, some four years ago the stockholders of this latter line, who are to a great extent trustees, and persons of small property dependent for their support upon the certainty of their income, received a notification that they were offered the privilege of taking some bonds to be issued by the new roads at the rate of ninety cents on the dollar, which would yield eight per cent. per annum, and which were amply secured. The first of the circulars offering the bonds was issued on June 7, 1871, by Mr. J. N. Denison, chairman of the directors of the Chicago, Burlington and Quincy, giving the stockholders the opportunity of buying \$1,600,000 of the Chicago, Dubuque and Minnesota bonds, and stating that the company had received large local contributions in addition to the stock payments to aid in building the road. On March 7, 1872, a second circular was issued, offering a million and a half of the bonds of each of the new roads, stating that the main line of the Chicago, Dubuque and Minnesota was to be opened through early in the season, and that "business on the portion of the road in use fully equals the expectations entertained before the road was commenced," and that the bonds were "secured" at the rate of \$25,000 a mile. Besides this, it was understood that one of the roads had a land-grant of 38,500 acres, worth from three to six dollars an acre, and there was also a "traffic guarantee" of the Chicago, Burlington and Quincy Railroad binding the latter road to set apart a certain per cent. of the earnings derived by it from the two dependent roads to take up the bonds. Here was indeed an offer! The "traffic guarantee" was, to be sure, of no great value (though the prudent investor hardly knew this), for this kind of guarantee only works during the prosperity of roads—that is, when it is not needed; the moment the traffic on the dependent road ceases to be sufficient to pay expenses and interest, at that very moment the promise of the main line to set apart some of it is apt to become of small value. But the other security was believed to be ample, and there was no reason why the bonds issued at ninety should not be worth par in a month or two, and there would be a nice little addition to many a modest but deserving income. This was not the first time that circulars of the same kind had been issued, and had not all the previous issues turned out well? So the trustee and the guardian, and the widow and orphan, and the small capitalist, put their savings into the new roads.

Unfortunately, however, the bonds went up only two or three

per cent.; then they began to go down. Interest was at first regularly paid on them, and indeed was paid steadily till after the panic, but still the value of the bonds declined, and, after sinking to a point where it was difficult to say what their value was, they remained in a state of suspended animation, no interest being paid on them, the traffic guarantee having apparently escaped the attention of the guarantors. The widow and the orphan occasionally made enquiries of the guardian and the trustee, only to be told that the bonds would unquestionably "come up" if people would keep quite still and not talk about them in a depressing way. However, they did not keep still, but very wisely appointed an investigating committee to look into the condition of the property. It was then discovered that at the time the directors of the Chicago, Burlington and Quincy road were offering to the stockholders the bonds of the new roads, some half-a-dozen of them had taken shares in two construction companies, with a total capital stock of \$440,000, formed under the laws of the State of Iowa; that they then, as contractors and directors, contracted with themselves to build the two roads; that the terms of the contracts were substantially that the construction company should receive all the stock, all the bonds, all the land-grant, and all the local aid given by towns and counties, and that the expenditure of these assets, together with the capital of the construction companies, should relieve the constructors of all liability, whether the roads were finished or not; that these same directors of the Chicago, Burlington and Quincy road, keeping these contracts, made by themselves with themselves for themselves, secret, proceeded to sell the bonds to the people for whom they were trustees—the stockholders of the Chicago, Burlington and Quincy—turning over the proceeds to themselves as contractors, and meanwhile prosecuting the work of building the road with such diligence and discretion that though the proposed line was 237 miles in length, by the time a hundred and eighty-two had been built all the bonds and all the stock and all the local subscriptions were gone, and, the contract having thus been completed, they ceased from their labors. It may be imagined that the expenditure of the money received from the sale of the securities was not subjected to a rigid supervision. Indeed, on the contrary, there was no supervision at all, the president of the construction company, Mr. J. K. Graves, being supplied with and expending the funds "as he called for the money"; and Mr. Graves, by a further extension of the principle of construction companies, used \$173,000 of this money on another and totally distinct road, the Iowa Pacific, in which he was interested if no one else was—a sum which the committee of investigation naively say "has never been returned." What has become of all the land no one knows, except that the railroads do not own an acre of it. It will be noticed that the bonds were issued at \$25,000 a mile, but as the roads are not finished, these are *proposed*, not constructed miles, making the actual bonded debt on one road about \$33,000, and on the other \$31,000. In sum and substance, the contract which these trustees made was that the money should be spent whether the road was finished or not.

To the eye of the common observer, it would appear that the history of these roads is the history of a fraudulent scheme, deliberately planned and well carried out by means of a systematic deception of the stockholders of the Chicago, Burlington and Quincy by their own directors and trustees. But this is not at all the view of the matter held by the directors and trustees implicated. Mr. J. M. Forbes, who took an active part in the investigation, denounced the contracts as "the most atrocious he had ever heard of or seen in railroad business," and said that he would have considered it an insult to ask a director in any road whether he was also interested as a contractor; but Mr. J. F. Joy, who seems the prime mover and concocter of the scheme, replied with an air of conscious rectitude that the contracts are unobjectionable, and that this is a common and proper way of building railroads, while a number of the contracting directors, gentlemen of good standing in Boston, have united in a card in which they speak of themselves as "sufferers" by the enterprise, and say that "as to the suggestion that we omitted to state to the purchasers of the bonds that we had

become purchasers in the stock of the construction companies, we desire to state that it does not seem to us, although there was no concealment of the fact, to be information likely to influence the purchasers of bonds, except favorably."

It must at once occur to everybody who reads this that it is a little strange that the directors should not have communicated information likely to "influence purchasers favorably"; but with that we have nothing to do. What we wish to call attention to is the renewed illustration this case affords of the manifold evils which arise from the existing secret system of railroad management. The stockholders have a nominal right to the examination of the books of the company in which they are holders of stock, but this is, as every one knows, an empty right. In the first place, its uselessness is proved by the fact that nobody ever uses it; and in the case of small stockholders, the class which especially need protection, it is a laborious, vexatious, and difficult process, which, from the very nature of the thing, they avoid. The bondholders, of course, have not even this protection. Besides this, the accounts of railroad companies are not kept on a uniform system, and the reports published by them from time to time are absolutely unintelligible. No two companies take the same view of operating and construction expenses. As the railroad commissioners of Massachusetts very justly say in their last annual report:

"One company earns more money than it cares to divide, and another earns less than its stockholders think they have a right to expect;—accordingly, the first buys property, or builds additional stations or rolling-stock, or charges off the cost of old ones, always to the account of operating expenses; while the second does just the reverse, and is continually reconstructing the same buildings, bridges, and rolling-stock. Accordingly, the cost of running a train one mile is returned at \$1.30 on the Boston and Albany, and at \$0.59 on the Springfield, Athol and Northeastern; at \$1.56 on the Boston and Providence, and at \$1.13 on the Boston, Hartford and Erie; at \$1.39 on the Connecticut River, and at \$1.04 on the Cheshire; at \$1.33 on the New York, New Haven and Hartford, and at \$0.87 on the Eastern."

From which it may be seen that even in the oldest States, which have the benefit of all the accumulated experience in the world on the subject, the same obscurity in railroad book-keeping prevails as in the West.

Now, what is the remedy for this state of affairs? It is already beginning to be admitted on all hands that it is chiefly publicity. This is what the Massachusetts railroad commissioners recommend, and it is also recommended in Wisconsin as one of the results of a year's experience of the Granger remedy. Our readers are aware that we have always recommended it in the columns of this paper. But admitting that publicity is necessary, how is it to be got? We believe there is only one way known to our civilization of giving publicity to transactions in private property, and that is a method which has been in successful operation for over two centuries. We refer to the publicity given to all transactions in real estate by the laws of registration. What there is to prevent the application of this system to railroads, we do not see. Let a State pass a railroad registry law, requiring the proper officers of any railroad company doing business in that State to file for record any obligation, agreement, or contract relating to the road; let it also be enacted that any document not so recorded shall not be binding not merely, as in the case of lands, on third persons, but on the parties themselves. We venture to predict that in that State at least complete publicity as to railroads will have been attained; that when a road is built by a construction company, the construction company will at once proceed in great haste to the office of the register and record the documents, and the stockholders of such roads as the Chicago, Burlington and Quincy will have an opportunity of judging for themselves whether contracts of a certain kind affect their inclination to purchase "favorably." Short of this we do not see any way in which publicity can be reached. Public returns are now compelled by the laws of some States, as New York and Massachusetts, but, though the returns are made, the public is no wiser. All

that can be predicated of them, the Massachusetts commissioners say as to their own State, is that they are "plausible," and even plausibility seems a euphemistic term to apply to the returns we have quoted above. Short of public railroad registries, we see no way to the publicity everybody so much desires.

VIVISECTION.

THE enemies of cruelty to animals are making all over the world an attempt to interfere forcibly with vivisections performed for scientific ends. The papers in England for the past year or more have been full of articles *pro* and *con* upon the subject, and the assistants of a French toxicologist who exhibited some experiments upon dogs at a large medical meeting have been criminally prosecuted. Professor Schiff, a great physiologist, and we believe a thoroughly kind man at heart, but a great "consumer" of dogs, has also been dragged before the courts, and all but ostracised socially for his pursuits. In this city, the society for preventing cruelty is understood to be preparing a prohibitory bill to be passed at Albany; while the physiologists, on the other hand, are arming their cause betimes by printing and circulating various apologetic documents. Among these the one most worthy of mention is the pamphlet by Dr. Dalton which we noticed last week, and in which some of the therapeutic benefits which have already accrued from vivisection are set forth with great clearness and sobriety.

To our minds, there has been in the treatment of the subject by both sides a certain superficiality. The attack has been weakly made, owing to the all but total ignorance on the part of the attackers of the concrete details of physiology and physiologic experimentation. When Mr. Bergh singles out for particular horror the comparatively trivial operation for gastric fistula, and huddles together as scientific authorities against the usefulness of the vivisectional method of research a crowd of surgeons, philosophers, anatomists, and ignoramuses, most of whom wrote when physiology in its modern sense can hardly be said to have existed, and some of whom never thought what he alleges, he makes the game simply too easy for his opponents, and the result is a certain insincerity in their retorts. To retort that in most cases anesthetics are given is true enough, but then it is probably far more distressing to a dog to be etherized than to have an artery tied. To say that a rabbit's pain differs *toto caelo* from human pain, in that the moral element, the element of subjective horror, is absent, is also true, but does not extinguish the charge of cruelty. The question is not, Do we make rabbits suffer as much as men? but, Do we give them all the pain that they are susceptible of suffering, be that much or little? If so, we are cruel; and there is no doubt that vivisectioners are often obliged to go to this extreme.

Let it then be frankly admitted, without higgling about more or less, that, in principle, vivisection admits of cruelty; let it also be admitted that the therapeutic benefits we have gained by it are as yet minute, and that even the physiological laws discovered by it are full of uncertainty and liable to incessant correction. After making to Mr. Bergh these extreme concessions, we still absolutely and totally deny the expediency of any legislative regulation of the matter, though we avow that we heartily sympathize with his humane motives, and, for reasons that we shall soon state, should be by no means sorry to see a rather angry state of public sentiment prevail upon the subject.

Man lives for science as well as bread, and if Mr. Bergh will throw his ridiculous fagot of antediluvian oracles out of the window, and open any modern treatise whatever on physiology, he will find that the entire science is based, immediately or remotely, upon vivisectional evidence. What is not is hardly enough to swear by, except, perhaps, in the chapter of the special senses. Moreover, the vivisectional results of to-day, which are liable to be corrected to-morrow, will be corrected by the vivisections of to-morrow and by nothing else. To taboo vivisection is then the same thing as to give up seeking after a knowledge of physiology; in other words, it is sacrificing a human intellectual good, and all that flows from it, to a brute and corporeal good. We live in a world in which it is universally admitted that sacrifice is a universal law—no good comes without some loss. One may absolutely protest against this, and refuse to be its accomplice—say, like a Buddhist, *neminem laede*, though the human race and all vain earthly science perish; one may, in other words, lead a consistently ascetic life, and we shall not gainsay him. We will only say that in modern Christendom he will have few followers. Once assume that the world and its law of sacrifice may have a good meaning, and it must follow that the duty of the righteous man will often consist in inflicting pain as well as in enduring it. Vivisection is, in other words, a painful duty. We wonder

that theologians have not often used it as a parable to reconcile their hearers to the evils of human life. A dog strapped on a board and howling at his executioners, or, still worse, poisoned by curara, which leaves him paralyzed but sentient, is, to his own consciousness, literally in a sort of hell. He sees no redeeming ray in the whole business. Nevertheless, in a world beyond the ken of his poor, benighted brain, his sufferings are having their effect—truth, and perhaps future human ease, are being bought by them. He is performing a function infinitely superior to any which prosperous canine life admits of, and, if his dark mind could be enlightened, and if he were a heroic dog, he would religiously acquiesce in his own sacrifice.

So much for the principle. We admit that, as regards the practice, advocates of humanity have a good field open to them in trying to restrict the amount of *useless* vivisection. A working physiologist, too, often gets to consider his animals as mere bundles of reactions, and to forget the conscious accompaniment; and to a lecturer, the awakened attention of his hearers, and the applause that always greets a striking experiment, are so many temptations to crowd his course with "brilliant" demonstrations. These, it must be often confessed, appeal far more to the mere love of amusement and sensation of the students than to their more intellectual part. A lecturer on respiration in Paris will hardly fail to demonstrate the necessity of oxygen for life by putting a sparrow under an air-pump, immersing a rat in carbonic acid, and perhaps suffocating a guinea-pig in nitrogen. We have heard that a distinguished toxicologist of Berlin, when he wishes to exhibit the effect of corrosive substances on the alimentary canal, simply thrusts a funnel down the throat of a living rabbit, and pours sulphuric acid into it. These are plainly revolting excesses, and it is pleasant to think that no physiologist of Anglo-Saxon blood is likely to be guilty of them. Nevertheless, it is probably true that in lectures both here and in England experiments are continually repeated which can either not be adequately observed by the class, or which, if observed, might be all but equally well understood from description. Nothing is more calculated to deaden the moral sensibility of students than familiarity with blood shed for trifling ends. To help their lazy attention, to save their imagination a little effort, or to atone by this sort of spectacular attraction for the dulness of the teacher or the theme, seems surely an end unworthy of the costly means. We think, too, that physiology is utterly unfitted to be taught practically, as physics, chemistry, botany, and anatomy are now being taught in colleges, as means of educational discipline. These other branches are quite sufficient to give students a general training in scientific habits. The physiological laboratory ought to be reserved for investigators. We do not know what exercises Dr. Foster's class of students in practical physiology in Cambridge, England, are made to perform, but we hope and suppose very little vivisection. Our power over animals should not be used simply at our own convenience, but voluntarily limited and sparingly put forth. But the decision when to exert it and when to refrain should rest solely with the investigator himself. If a sweeping prohibitory law were passed, it would of course be a dead letter in a community which boils millions of lobsters alive every year to add a charm to its suppers. By hook or crook, physiologists would operate on living animals in spite of the vigilance of a thousand humane societies; just as, when the anatomy law was under discussion in England, Sir Astley Cooper told the legislative committee that if he could not have legally the bodies of outcasts, he should have illegally the bodies of members of parliaments. Bodies of some sort were needed and would be forthcoming. If it be proposed only to frame a law to punish such abuses as that of the German toxicologist above-mentioned, we still think it would be impracticable. A jury of experts would be very apt to shield their colleague, and a jury of laymen not to decide reasonably at all. Even if the guilty could be justly convicted, conscientious operators would be liable to a series of *tracasseries* and lawsuits which would seriously affect their usefulness. It is better for many quadrupeds to perish unjustly than for a whole scientific body to be degraded. Here, as elsewhere, the best plan is not to hedge men in by mechanical restrictions and safeguards against abuse of power, but to get good men, give them great authority and right of initiative, and make them responsible to public opinion for the result.

And this brings us to a point in which we think the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals may do great good. Let them act morally, through public opinion, and foment, if need be, public execration of physiologists; at all events let them encourage the dislike of bloody demonstrations in lectures. They will then do good both to the animals who are victimized, to the students who demand that their eyes and not their understandings shall work for them, and to the teachers who weakly yield to that demand. Under this hostile pressure, this constant sense of being challeng-

ed—which is very different from the sense of being controlled—the vivisector will feel more responsible, more solemn, less wasteful and indifferent.

THE GENESIS OF A MIRACLE.

GRENOBLE was all astir, during the first two or three days we spent there, with arriving and departing pilgrims. We presently discovered that chance had brought us to that place on the anniversary of the apparition of Notre Dame de la Salette, an important festival throughout the region. The guide-book note on the pretended miracle of the Salette had astonished and amused us, but the matter assumed a more serious aspect when we saw with our proper eyes throngs of actual pilgrims—chiefly white-capped women and dusty-skirted priests—who had been devoutly visiting the shrine. In the miniature reading-room of our dim and ancient but well-appointed hotel we found a large, handsomely illustrated volume on the 'Pilgrimage of the Salette,' which we studied with interest. It was our introduction to the voluminous literature of the subject.

La Salette is a mountain in the Department of the Isère, near the small town of Corps, which is distant by the high-road some forty miles from Grenoble. It is claimed that on Saturday, September 19, 1846, between two and three o'clock in the afternoon, the Virgin Mary appeared to a shepherd boy and girl who were guarding cows near the summit of this mountain. The boy's name is Maximin Giraud, the girl's Mélanie Matthieu. I make the following extracts from Maximin's own story, as given in the most orthodox and approved versions. He begins:

"After having watered our cows and eaten our lunch we fell asleep near a little spring that had run dry. Then Mélanie woke up first and waked me to go and look for our cows. Then Mélanie saw a great light towards the mountain, and she said to me, 'Maximin, come see this light.' I went towards Mélanie. Then we saw the light open, and inside we saw a lady sitting. And the lady got up, folded her arms, and said to us, 'Come on, my children; do not be frightened; I am here to tell you great news.' Then we went on, and the lady came towards us a few steps from the place where she had been sitting, and she said to us, 'If my people will not submit, I shall be forced to let go the arm of my Son; it is so heavy and weighs me down so that I can hold it no longer. Oh! the time I have suffered already for you! If I will not have my Son abandon you, I am charged to pray to him for you who do not care. I gave six days to work, I reserved the seventh for myself, and they will not give it me.'"

Here follows a prediction that the potatoes will rot before Christmas. But at this point,

"Mélanie, who did not understand, began to ask me what it was about. The lady replied, 'Ah! you do not understand, my children! Wait, I will say it differently.' She then begins to speak in patois, repeating the prophecy concerning the potatoes, and adding others of equal moment. An injunction is addressed to the children to say as many Pater Nosters and Ave Marias as they can, and the complaint is made that no one goes to mass "except a few rather old women (*quelques femmes un peu âgées*). In Lent they go to the butcher's like dogs. . . . She terminated her discourse with these words: 'Well, my children, you will make this known to all my people.' Before disappearing, the Belle Dame rose from the ground and remained suspended in the air a moment, then we no longer saw her head, then her arms, then the rest of her body. She seemed to melt away. And then there remained a great light that I tried to catch with my hands, with the flowers that she had on her feet, but there was nothing there. . . . In the evening, when we arrived at our master's, I was a little sad, and as they asked me what was the matter I told them all the lady had said to us."

The accounts of the miracle lay much emphasis upon a secret which the lady is said to have confided to each of the children separately, at a certain point in her discourse, each in turn becoming deaf while she spoke to the other.

The next day the curé of the village from which the mountain takes its name announced the event to his parishioners. They were not at first greatly impressed. It may have seemed to them superfluous for the Virgin to bring the warning against eating meat in Lent to a population accustomed to the luxury of animal food perhaps once a year. But the story spread rapidly. Curious visitors, who soon became pilgrims, began to seek out the scene of the apparition. All were eager to drink at the spring, formerly intermittent, but perpetual and abundant since the Virgin's tears fell upon its source. The priests of the region vigorously propagated the belief in the miracle. It is said that the people of Corps, like their neighbors of La Salette, did not in the beginning treat the apparition with much respect. But when the material advantages were pointed out to them that would accrue from the vicinity of a popular shrine, their convictions underwent a change. Great pains were taken to prove that the children could not have manufactured the story. Mélanie is described as heedless, disobedient, lazy, and sullen; Maximin was a stupid, greedy little boy who, until within a few days before the apparition, had

been still more humbly employed than in tending cattle ("à ramasser du fumier sur la route"). "The children were, in short, untaught and coarse; incapable of enthusiasm or exaltation, and still more incapable of inventing and executing a concerted plan." That such children would be the easiest of dupes does not appear, even in the light of after-events, to have been considered. The wonder of floating draperies and glittering ornaments was more than enough to make the Belle Dame seem to them the heavenly visitant she styled herself.

An ecclesiastical commission was appointed to examine the miracle, and reported favorably. The number of pilgrims increased. Wonderful cures wrought by the water began to be heard of. At the end of five years the Bishop of Grenoble issued a decree in which he proclaimed the occurrence witnessed by the shepherd children a veritable apparition of the Blessed Virgin, and authorized the worship of Notre Dame de la Salette. In a short time the large church which now marks the scene of the apparition was begun. Arrangements were made for exporting the water, in which there sprang up directly a flourishing trade. The present income from this source is said to amount to sixty thousand dollars a year.

Opposition to the miracle, which had existed from the first, now took definite shape. It was led by two priests named Déléon and Cartellier, who published a succession of small works accusing a certain Mlle. de la Merlière of having performed the miracle. This lady's eccentricities of religious zeal had long been notorious, and the charge found ready belief. A mandate from the Bishop of Grenoble denounced the offending priests and forbade the faithful, under penalty of excommunication, to read, keep, or propagate their books. Cartellier submitted to the decree of his bishop, but Déléon refused to yield, and was suspended. Mlle. de la Merlière next brought an action for libel against Déléon and Cartellier, which was tried in two courts at Grenoble. The verdicts of both acquitted the defendants on the ground that they had shown no libellous intention, and that Mlle. de la Merlière had suffered no damage from their charge; her reputation remained what it had been before. In the second trial the celebrated Jules Favre acted as counsel for the plaintiff. A full stenographic report of this case is published in a volume of nearly four hundred pages. I was fortunate enough to find a copy on the back shelves of a Grenoble book-shop. The keen-faced woman who kept the shop took no offence at the question whether in Grenoble one really believes in the Salette. "Eh, bien," she replied, with a cheerfully sceptical shrug of her shoulders, "those near by always believe less than those further off. And then, here, all the world has known Mlle. de la Merlière." Favre is reduced to some curious arguments in vindicating his client. Mlle. de la Merlière was too old and stout to have climbed the mountain unaided (she was barely fifty), or to have walked over the grass, as the Belle Dame did, without making it bend beneath her weight. Such a costume as that worn by the lady of the apparition could not possibly have been prepared in fifteen days. He labors at great length to prove an *alibi*, and closes by vehemently insisting that a confirmation of the first judgment will stamp his client as the heroine of a detestable fraud. Déléon's counsel is so sure of his case that he allows himself and the court the relaxation of a laugh. He easily disposes of the *alibi*, which, in fact, only applies to the day before the apparition, and brings a formidable mass of positive evidence to support Déléon's charge. An epigram in the plea of Cartellier's counsel sums up the general impression left by the proceedings: "The Salette is a miracle very lightly admitted, a miracle admitted upon very meagre proof, so meagre that one might be tempted to see a miracle, not in the thing, but in the admission of the thing." Although the bearing of this reiterated verdict was made plain by Jules Favre, it had no disastrous effect upon the new shrine. The Catholic authorities pass it by as an "incident in the private lives of M. Déléon and Mlle. de la Merlière, from which no induction can be drawn either for or against the miracle of the Salette."

Even the tedium and discomfort of a Dauphiné stage-coach did not prevent us from enjoying the drive between Grenoble and Corps when we set out on our irreverent pilgrimage. A glowing September day threw a glamour where none was needed over broad valleys and green hillsides and tiny sparkling lakes and distant blue mountains. When we reached Corps, an hour or two behind time, the full moon was magnifying a hundredfold the picturesqueness, and veiling with her silver the squalor, of that vulgar little town. The hideously unclean inn where we were forced to eat and sleep, quickly dispelled the illusions of the moonlight, which later only served to aggravate the horrors of a night actively devoid of ease. I have no reason to suppose that our pilgrimage to the Salette was of any spiritual advantage, but as a mortification of the flesh it was all that could be desired. The walk up the mountain next morning was quite without interest. The path is wholly shadeless and the heat was most irri-

tating. One would scarcely believe that mountains could compose so commonplace a landscape. Its defects are the want of outlooks and the absence of any play of light and shade. The path is long and in parts steep, but perfectly easy. The "precipices and brinks where only a shepherd can keep his balance," which Favre described, could never have existed save in the fancy of that ingenious orator. We reached the scene of the apparition in time to hear the discourse delivered every morning during the season by one of the Fathers of the Salette, a fraternity founded to guard the shrine and stimulate the worship of the new Madonna. The concourse of pilgrims culminates each year on the 19th of September. Few are looked for after that date. There were still enough, however, to maintain a brisk trade in small flat bottles of the miraculous water and in religious trinkets vended at several gay stalls.

A considerable group of devout listeners was seated on the slope opposite the spring. The preacher took his stand beside the small stone basin into which the precious fluid now trickles from a leaden pipe. Behind him, a sitting figure, in bronze, represents the Belle Dame, as first seen by the children, who also appear in attitudes of surprise and consternation. A winding path up the slope, protected by railings and thickly planted with crosses, marks the Lady's course when she withdrew. The father presently called attention to a striking similarity, observed by those who had visited the East, between the sinuosities of this path and those of the road up Mount Calvary traversed by Christ. At the top of the small mound there is another group of statuary, depicting the close of the Lady's interview with the children. This is the group that usually adorns, and often surmounts, the chapels dedicated to Notre Dame de la Salette. It stands here opposite the church, an imposing pile, flanked on either hand by large buildings of similar design, for the entertainment of pilgrims. The enclosure of the spring is further decorated with crutches, left as tokens by cripples whom the potent water has restored. As our guide—a sturdy old peasant woman—solemnly assured us, numbers of such afflicted persons are carried up the mountain in chairs, or make the ascent on mules, and walk down in a miraculous manner. The details of these cases are reported with much unction in a monthly paper published by the Fathers of the Salette.

The preacher, on the day of our visit, gave the familiar story of the apparition, trying hard to invest it with profound moral significance, but in fact justifying a disrespectful criticism of Jules Favre's, who characterized the Virgin's speech as too puerile to have been invented by his client. Our priest considerably left out the slighting allusion to the few rather old women: his audience was chiefly composed of persons to whom that designation would have been pointedly appropriate. He spoke with pride of the large sum, two million five hundred thousand francs, which has been contributed for building the church and *hospices*, and of the world-wide repute of the sacred water. Among the miraculous cures he recounted was that of a scrofulous bald gentleman who not only overcame his disease by a believing application of the Salette water, but also, to his boundless surprise and joy, brought out a fine growth of hair. A case of suspected diabolic possession was verified by blasphemies which the victim uttered against the Salette. The father told his hearers with a great show of frankness, what every one knew, that the Salette is not an article of faith—we were free to believe or not as we chose; but he suggested that, as a matter of pure and voluntary devotion, the acceptance of this miracle might be an act of greater merit than submission to an authoritatively promulgated dogma. He also referred to Maximin, admitting that he has perhaps a slight weakness (*un petit faible*) for drink, but had himself never seen him intoxicated. About Mélanie he had nothing to say. She has become a Carmelite nun at Marseilles. The *Pilgrimage* states that the fathers of the Salette are ignorant of her present residence, and prefer to remain so, in order not to be obliged to answer indiscreet questions. The same authority strongly affirms that she is *not a mauvaise religieuse*, and has *not* swerved from her faith in the Salette, nor been kept out of sight as a half-lunatic renegade. These are pathetic suggestions as to the fate of the little shepherd girl, who, for some cause or other, has not proved a satisfactory witness to the miracle. Our orator's peroration was an appeal to all who heard him to become not converts merely, but missionaries of Notre Dame de la Salette.

The church is internally of fine proportions and massive architecture. It is profusely decorated, and very brilliant in general effect, as well as rich in detail. The building stone, excepting the costly marbles, was brought from a not distant quarry; all the other materials were carried on mule-back for at least three hours. The side walls are lined with votive tablets acknowledging grace received in the widest variety of needs. In the sacristy we saw the treasures of Our Lady of the Salette—already a very

showy collection—embracing many valuable gifts of gold and silver vessels and heavily jewelled ornaments. The father who displayed them rather apologized, however, with the remark, "It is only a beginning."

On our return to Corps, we had the satisfaction of seeing Maximin. He is now settled there as a dealer in pinchbeck souvenirs of the Salette, and liqueurs professedly made from plants of the "sacred mountain." It was not until he had tried several other careers that he at last devoted himself to his present tranquil industry. For a number of years after the apparition both he and Mélanie were strictly housed in a convent. Rationalistic critics like Délon hold that during this time the children were trained for their future rôles, and carefully drilled in the unvarying uniformity which is claimed as a marvellous feature of all their recitals. Released from the nuns, Maximin proved lazy and unmanageable. Various expedients were resorted to, but everywhere he defied control, and resented punishment by damaging statements about the miracle which depends so largely upon his testimony. This is not an age in which he could be conveniently lost to sight, and the policy finally adopted was that of unlimited license. Indulged in every way, he became perfectly docile in the hands of the Salette fathers. Both he and Mélanie have attempted prophecy. The destruction of Paris in the month of October, 1853; the invasion of France by the Russians; the return of the Apostles to announce a new Gospel—these are a few of the momentous events predicted by the intrepid young seers. Their famous secrets, divulged to no one else, were solemnly communicated by letter to the Pope, who vigorously characterized them as a "world of bosh" (un mondo di stupidità). It may be noted, however, in passing, that while his Holiness has never officially endorsed the Salette, he has not scrupled to give it the practical sanction of numerous indulgences to its devotees. The whole history of the apparition is an interesting study of the genesis and growth of religious myths. As a gentleman in Grenoble said to me, in another fifty years, when all the persons directly concerned are dead, the miracle will doubtless be as fully accredited as the Immaculate Conception itself.

Maximin is now a man of about forty, whose appearance justifies his reputation, which is that of a common profligate and drunkard. He courts the notice of strangers and poses for their edification. To the suggestion that he had probably pretty much forgotten the details of the apparition, he replied, with a sanctimonious roll of his eyes, "Oh! non, Monsieur, ça ne s'oublie pas" (Oh! no, sir, such a thing is not to be forgotten). He would call our attention to one or two particulars which the Père on the mountain may have omitted to mention. The lady's form was not only radiant but transparent. He had looked through her at the hills on the other side. He explained the phenomenon of his accurately reporting the uncomprehended French as part of the miracle—an effect, moreover, which was not evanescent. From the day of the apparition he as well as Mélanie, neither of whom could speak a word of French before, were able to use the language with ease. Here, however, the miracle was apparently not first-class, for Maximin's French is provincial in the extreme. It was strangely in contrast with the faultless elegance of style in a little book which he sold us, called 'Ma Confession de Foi sur la Salette,' and written, as he repeatedly averred, with his own hand. We found, in short, nothing about Maximin to support the argument against Délon's theory of the miracle used by the *Pilgrimage* as its climax of proof: "How, finally, could the coarse swindle of a stupid farce have produced in the minds of the shepherds the marvels of good sense, of wisdom, and of energy?"

It was like passing from an ill-kept cell of the Middle Ages into the freshness of sunshine and green fields and summer airs when we drove out of Corps and turned our faces toward the Protestant valleys of the High Alps, the scene of the heroic work and sacrifice of Felix Neff.

THE LIBRARIES OF PARIS.

PARIS, January 29.

ONE of the noblest traits of the American character is the encouragement given in all parts of the Union to the development of public libraries. There are already libraries in Boston and New York which may be envied by some of the capitals of Europe. I know of no special book describing the libraries of Paris and giving their history. No capitol of Europe, except London, can boast of libraries as magnificent as those of the French capital; the British Museum is incomparable in many respects, but the National Library of France is in some respects superior to the British Museum. Of late years new rooms have been built, somewhat on the plan of the magnificent blue room of the British Museum, so airy, so silent, so well adapted for study. The National Library fills a large block between the Rue Richelieu and the Rue Vivienne; in the be-

ginning it filled only a part of this huge block. It is divided now into many departments. One of the most delightful, which is too little visited by foreigners, is the department of *estampes* (engravings), lodged in a pretty, old gallery. I visited it only a few days ago, and one of the curators showed me an album of a lady of honor of the Court of Catherine de Médicis, with the portraits from life of all the important men and women of the time, in the charming style of our Clouet (called Janet). Such collections are invaluable, and the department of engravings and drawings has any number of them. There are as many as 400,000 portraits in it alone. The department of medals is also extremely interesting. An introduction to one of the curators is necessary if you wish to see its finest treasures, the old Greek medals of the great school, the finest gems. There is a department of manuscripts, divided into all the possible languages, from French to Chinese, and containing more than 100,000 volumes, 8,000 of which, at least, are adorned with precious miniatures.

These three departments are, so to speak, limited, as nothing is added to them except what is very valuable. It is not so with the department of printed books, as the law obliges publishers to give to the National Library a copy of every new work. The number of additions every year in this department amounts, on the average, to 25,000. How many volumes are there in this department? is a question often asked, and which it is not possible to answer correctly, though the greatest order prevails in it—so much so that it does not take more than a few minutes to find any edition of any printed work. Somebody has measured the length of all the shelves of the library; put together, they would make as many as fifty-five kilometres. The number of books placed on these shelves amounts to about two millions. Would you form an exact opinion of the intellectual state of the great majority of readers, of those who frequent the ordinary reading-room? You will at once see how narrow is their horizon when I tell you that out of the two million books in the Library, twenty thousand are amply sufficient to meet the demands and satisfy the tastes of the ordinary public. The higher class of readers, men who work and make researches, are furnished with a special card and meet in another room, called vulgarly the *Mosque* (I never knew why); about two hundred people are seen there every day. For a lover of fine editions there is a precious sanctuary, to which only a few are admitted, called the *Réserve*. It is composed of books which are never let out to read, but which are preserved as monuments of the arts of printing, or binding, or as original editions. Nothing can exceed the beauty of this reserve fund; all the finest libraries I know are as nothing in comparison with it. I will say nothing of the secret museum, the *Enfer*, as it is called, which contains volumes which are never, under any pretext, given to any reader. There are only 730 volumes, representing 340 works, in this part of the Library; a number which may seem small if you remember that the Library is the great sea into which everything flows.

The Mazarine Library takes its name from Cardinal Mazarin, who established it and named as its first librarian Gabriel Naudé, the author of various works, the best known of which has for its title 'Considerations on *Coups d'état*.' It occupies a wing of the little palace built opposite the Louvre. It is chiefly designed for the members of the Institute, but is also open to men of science and men of letters. One of the last librarians was Philartète Chasles, and many are the stories told of this eccentric writer. He was—not to use a stronger word—very odd, and on one of his days of bad humor, when somebody asked him for a book, he stoutly denied its existence, to the utter bewilderment of the unhappy applicant. Jules Sandeau is now among the curators of this library.

The Arsenal Library is not so well known to foreigners, as it is in a very distant and deserted part of the town. It had for a long time Charles Nodier among its curators. This library was formed by the Marquis d'Argenson, who was a great bibliomaniac, and who was ruined in the end and forced to sell his books. They were bought by the Comte d'Artois, who never had much literary reputation, being known as a man of pleasure. He bought, however, besides the D'Argenson library, the large and magnificent library of the Duc de la Vallière. These two libraries together formed quite a large collection, and one which is extremely remarkable for the choiceness of its material. All the French poets of the sixteenth century, for instance, are found there in their original editions. Boileau and the classic school of the seventeenth century long since consigned these early poets to oblivion, but they are now much sought after, as there was in the school of Ronsard, together with much bad taste, a certain freshness and a poetical richness which were lost afterwards. There are now in the Arsenal, the old palace of Sully, the minister of Henry IV., as many as 250,000 volumes and about 6,000 manuscripts.

On the square of the Pantheon is a large and new building, which con-

tains the library called Sainte-Geneviève. It was built by a very good architect, and might serve as an excellent model for the library of a large town. It embraces only about 120,000 volumes and 3,000 manuscripts. It belonged first to a convent of *Genovéfains*, and the first books inscribed in its lists are those of Cardinal de la Rochefoucauld, who was an abbot of that convent. Mary Stuart sometimes visited it in her youth, and afterwards sent a portrait of herself, which is very carefully preserved.

The City of Paris formed a library which contained all the books and documents concerning the capital of France. It was lodged in the Hôtel de Ville, and numbered 120,000 volumes. It was burned, alas! with that splendid palace, as well as the small library of the Louvre, and a part of the curious archives of the police department. The city of Paris is forming a new Parisian library; ten thousand volumes have already been bought, and they have been placed in the charming Hôtel Carnavalet, which was once the habitation of Madame de Sévigné. A visit to this hôtel, which had fallen almost in ruins but which the city government has recently restored with much taste, would be very interesting to a traveller. The hôtel was built after the drawings of the famous Pierre Lescot by Ligneris; it was decorated by Jean Goujon, the most eminent sculptor of the French Renaissance; it is now in perfect order, and, besides a library which contains only documents concerning Paris, it has received a sort of Parisian museum, showing all the old types of Parisian workmanship in all branches of the arts.

There is a large number of other libraries attached to the various institutions, like the library of law books in connection with the Courts of Justice. I will only mention those of the Conservatory of Arts, of the School of Fine Arts, of the Schools of the Ponts et Chaussées and of Mines, of the Sorbonne, of the Academy of Medicine, of the Chamber of Commerce, of the ancient Senate, of the French Theatre (the most complete collection of French plays), of the Conservatory of Music, etc., etc. One of the peculiar institutions of Paris is the small reading-rooms to be found in a great many streets and passages, which are at the same time circulating libraries, such as you find in England. But in England I have nowhere seen any reading-rooms attached to the circulating libraries, while in Paris there are men and women who spend a few hours every day in these reading-rooms. They are admitted for a trifling sum, and they can read there all the newest books, novels, periodicals, sooner and more easily than they would be allowed to do in one of the large libraries of the State. These small reading-rooms are generally dingy places, under the supervision of a lady, who gives out books, always unbound, often tattered and torn. They have become, however, valuable and interesting lately for the bibliophiles; for some of these, finding no more original editions of the great writers of the seventeenth century, have begun to collect the original editions of the school which called itself romantic at the beginning of this century. You have no idea how rare some of these books have become, rarer, indeed, than the Alduses and Elzevirs. Lamartine's first 'Meditations,' for instance, was issued in a small edition of a thousand copies; a number of other editions followed rapidly, but your bibliophile will have the first. Now, what has become of these thousand first copies? Many have been destroyed; some have been buried in old libraries; some have been bought by the circulating libraries; among these last a copy must be found. The copies of these small libraries have one invaluable advantage: they have not been bound, and consequently their margins have not been cut. They may be dirty, have inkspots; a good binder will cure such defects with ease, but a cut margin is a defect which nothing can mend. The first bibliophiles who thought of looking upon the shelves of the circulating libraries, collected with ease the original editions of Lamartine, of Victor Hugo's poems and dramas, of Alfred de Musset, of Béranger, of Mérimée, of Balzac, of Madame Sand. The ignorant persons who, to their great astonishment, found people offering to buy from them books which nobody ever asked to read, which were lying in the dust of the upper shelves (as in such libraries nothing is read but the most recent books), have now completely lost their heads; they fancy that they have a treasure in every dirty yellow volume which has gone through their hands. They see no difference between the 'Odes et Ballades' of Victor Hugo and a novel of Paul de Kock, or of some of those novelists who are completely unknown to the literary world, but who are the gods of a large public. It is quite amusing to see the value they place on everything; they are perplexed, however, if you refuse their extraordinary offers: they have heard of volumes which they had sold for two francs and which were resold for two hundred.

The small reading libraries are not increasing in number; the multiplication of clubs has done them much harm, as every club now has a good

library. A gentleman in easy circumstances goes to his club if he has no library of his own; these old-fashioned libraries have, therefore, become the resort of very poor gentility, either male or female. They are interesting to visit, in this respect. You will find there a mixture of shabbiness and decency, of decay and courtesy, which is almost melancholy. I dare say that in fifty years none of these establishments, once so flourishing, will remain in existence.

Correspondence.

THE MONTENEGRIN PORT.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In your last number I find it stated that Turkey has three harbors on the little strip of territory which separates Montenegro from the sea. In view of the fact that the territory lying between Montenegro and the sea belongs to Austria, and further that the northernmost seaport of Albania is some distance south of the Montenegrin limits, it may be permitted to enquire what are the three seaports alluded to.

Yours truly,

STUART WOOD.

60 MOUNT AUBURN STREET, CAMBRIDGE, February 21, 1875.

[The little harbor of Spizza is Turkish, so is Klek, further north, where the Turkish territory cuts right through the Austrian to the water's edge; and so, further south, is Antivari. These are all, as we said, "on the little strip of territory which cuts the Montenegrins off from the water," and are all, we believe, literally within sight from the mountains. It cannot be called a fact "that the territory lying between Montenegro and the sea belongs to Austria." The correct expression is that it belongs chiefly to Austria. The Montenegrin access to the water would, besides the port of Cattaro, naturally be, for topographical reasons, southward over Turkish soil, along the banks of Scutari Lake.—ED. NATION.]

A HINT TO BORROWERS OF THE NATION.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Will you accord me a little space to say that I am a constant reader of the *Nation*, and pay for it by the year? I desire to speak of a class of your readers—a very large and intelligent class—who neither buy it by the year nor by the copy. Your circulation is put down, I believe, at ten thousand copies weekly, whereas from my experience and observation I am satisfied that the ten thousand copies are read every week by not less than forty or fifty thousand families. In my town, a small one, for example, only two copies are taken, but not less than a dozen families enjoy the reading of it every week. It is passed around as one may suppose the Boston *News-Letter* was, April 24, 1704, when it first appeared, the pioneer of American newspapers—a scanty edition, eagerly sought.

My *Nation* goes around and returns badly soiled and in tatters. I do not complain of this. I am always glad to have a book or paper worth borrowing. But it is unfair to the publishers of the *Nation*. The point I desire to make in your columns by this brief communication is that if all the readers of the *Nation* were bona-fide subscribers (and there is no reason why they should not be), your circulation, instead of ten thousand, would be to-day not less than forty or fifty thousand.

Respectfully,

PRIVATE DALZELL.

CALDWELL, OHIO, February 15, 1875.

Notes.

SCRIBNER, ARMSTRONG & CO. will publish next month 'Religion and Science in their Relation to Philosophy,' by Charles W. Shields, D.D., of Princeton College.—Macmillan & Co. announce for March 1 a special American edition of 'Reminiscences from the Diary of Macready,' with four portraits by the admirable artist Jeens.—'Fu-sang; or, The Discovery of America by Chinese Buddhist Priests in the Fifth Century,' is a compilation by Charles G. Leland from various authorities. It will be published shortly by J. W. Bouton.—E. P. Dutton & Co. and Robert Clarke & Co., are respectively the New York and Cincinnati agents for the sale of the new 'Encyclopædia Britannica,' of which Little, Brown & Co., Boston,

are the general agents.—Prof. C. H. Hitchcock's geological and mineralogical survey of New Hampshire is to be published by E. C. Eastman, Concord, in two volumes of text, royal 8vo, and an atlas containing plates 26x36 inches in size. It was the author's intention to give a panoramic view of all the peaks visible from the summit of Mt. Washington, by means of photography. We do not know whether it has been carried out.—Zell's 'United States Business Directory' for 1875 is the most successful work of the kind yet undertaken in this country, and answers a general want. The editor is Dr. Colange. In one great volume of 1,848 pp. are comprised classified business indexes for all the United States; less fully for the Dominion of Canada; and more briefly still for London and Paris and the provincial cities of England. In future editions a great extension of this foreign directory is promised.—Francis Parkman's 'Pioneers of France in the New World' has been translated into French by the Countess Gédéon de Clermont-Tonnerre (Paris: Didier; New York: F. W. Christern). The version is a little free, and by omissions sometimes fails to do justice to Mr. Parkman's picturesque style; but, so far as we have examined it, it deserves praise for its correctness and cleverness. We notice in the title to Chap. XIV. a slight confusion of shades: "The Great War-Party" is rendered "L'Armée de la Grande Guerre." The volume, from being octavo in the original, is made a very attractive duodecimo, which leads us to wish, as in the case of the Italian edition of Mr. Marsh's 'Man and Nature,' that we had a popular American edition of equal beauty and handiness.—An Italian version by G. Carraro of Hallam's 'Middle Ages' (Smith's edition) has been lately published in Florence. But one other was ever made, that of M. Leoni, after the first English edition; and it was *poco commendevole*.—Very successful efforts have been made to restore Independence Hall, Philadelphia, to its pre-Revolutionary condition, and it has been converted into a National Museum "as a perpetual monument to the founders of America." A large and valuable collection of portraits and relics has been already formed, and the Board of Managers request additions either as gifts or as loans. The secretary of the board is Mrs. Samuel Chew, Germantown, Pa.

—The Report upon Rapid Transit and Terminal Freight Facilities presented to the American Society of Civil Engineers three weeks ago by the committee appointed to investigate these subjects, has now been issued in pamphlet form. It is a very carefully prepared document, devoted to a general consideration of these two important questions, and nowhere tainted by marks of partiality for particular schemes. The two subjects are taken up separately, Rapid Transit being first considered:

"1st. In order to be profitable with the fares and volume of business likely to be obtained, double-tracked rapid-transit roads should not cost, fully equipped, much, if any, more than from \$700,000 to \$1,125,000 per mile, according to location; and this points to some form of elevated railroad as the leading feature of the design to be recommended.

"2d. The right of way must be given to them, over streets selected for that purpose, and they should be operated by locomotives and by cars of somewhat different construction from those in use in this country, made very much lighter than ordinary rolling-stock.

"3d. The character of the structure carrying the roads should vary with the location, so as to adapt itself to the local circumstances of each case. No one single plan is likely to prove applicable over all parts of the city.

"4th. There should presently be two roads, one on the east and another on the west side of Central Park, to be eventually complemented by one additional road on each side. The latter may be along the water-front.

"5th. Another effort should be made to induce private capital to build them. If this fails, they might be taken up by the city and built as municipal works."

—The second part of the Report is devoted to the methods of receiving, handling, and storing goods at the port and city of New York. Though the subject is one which has now a small hold on public attention compared with that exercised by rapid transit, we cannot but regard this as very much the most valuable part of the Report. The shameful condition of the water-front of New York, the inconvenient location of its storage warehouses, and the unnecessary expenses attending the cartage and lighterage of goods, impose a terminal tax on the business of the city of surprising magnitude. On 4,631,700 tons of domestic produce received at the port of New York in 1873, the average terminal charges amounted to over three dollars a ton, or more than three-fifths of the freight from Chicago, while it is estimated that the actual cost of cartage alone amounted to an average of \$1 60 on every ton carted. At the other Atlantic ports the corresponding charges are but small. Goods arrive at New York for three purposes: 1st, local consumption; 2d, immediate export; and, 3d, distribution or eventual export. It is on the third class that the terminal charges bear most oppressively; and the Report suggests, as methods of relief, the construction of large storage warehouses, in which goods can be

deposited immediately on their arrival with the least possible handling, these warehouses to be erected at the termini of the several railroads and along the water-front of the city—the recommendation being made that 100 feet of the 250-foot street laid out by the Dock Commissioners along the North River be devoted to this purpose; and a surface railroad along the water-front, with abundant side-track room, connecting with the railroads leading from the city of New York, and connected with transfer ferry slips at suitable points, by which the cars from railroads terminating at Jersey City and other points near New York could conveniently be received. Goods arriving in the city would be stored at once in the warehouses until the time arrived for their consumption or distribution, thereby saving one cartage or lighterage, while in their first distribution the convenience of the surface freight-tracks would greatly reduce the cost of handling. The Report is understood to be in a large degree the work of Mr. O. Chanute, the chairman of the committee. Like other papers prepared by him on kindred subjects, it is largely a statistical work, and contains a great amount of information of little less value to those who dissent from its conclusions than to those who accept them. The same may be said of the tables in the appendix on "The Elements of Success of a Rapid-Transit Railroad," which is contributed by Mr. M. N. Forney, a member of the committee. There are some respects in which we are not inclined to accept the conclusions of the Report, most notably perhaps the manner of estimating traffic, the ascribing greater value to a road on the East than on the West side of the city, and some of the details of location proposed for the West-side line. But as a candid and disinterested examination of a subject now of great interest to the whole city, it is certainly a work of great value, and deserves the careful perusal of our citizens.

—Mr. John Bigelow concludes in the current number of *Harper's Monthly* his papers on De Witt Clinton, which throw a good deal of light on the earlier politics of the country and on the character of Clinton himself. That we owe the New York canals, and thereby not merely a great deal of jobbery and corruption, but also the commercial supremacy of this city, to the sagacity of Clinton, is not to be denied, even by those who, with Mr. Bigelow, are disinclined to be laudatory of time past at the expense of the present. The articles contain voluminous extracts from a confidential correspondence with Mr. Post; and the picture given of the rage and fury of New York politics, of the wonderful ramifications of intrigue all over the country, the extraordinary range and richness of the vocabulary of vituperation, and the mastery in the art of blackening character evinced by Clinton, is far from edifying. "With the quiet instinct of an insatiable ambition," Mr. Bigelow says, "Clinton early discerned in Van Buren his most formidable competitor for political leadership in the State of New York," and so between the years 1817 and 1824 "nearly every letter to Post contains some vituperative allusion to Van Buren," as "arch-scoundrel," "Prince of Villains," "confirmed knave," "scoundrel of the first magnitude," also charging him with a "corrupt sale of the vote of the State," and still more insidiously with having paid the rent of a certain Mrs. M—"when under distress." As a good instance of the method employed by Clinton to get his enemies out of his path, we may quote a letter to Post dated August 30, 1822:

"MY DEAR SIR: Since writing my last, a rumor which has been insinuated to the disadvantage of Van Buren has been embodied in a tangible shape. On his way to the West, the back seat (to which he had a claim) was occupied by Gen. Breckinridge of Virginia, the uncle of Mr. Porter, formerly a member of Congress—a man of character and decided courage—with two ladies. V. B., considering him a plain countryman, as his looks would indicate, patted him with his cane and demanded his seat. This was indignantly refused, and on Duer's announcing him as a senator, the Gen. stated that he was sorry the State of N. Y. was disgraced in being represented by a blackguard. The next stage produced a challenge, which V. B. declined, and he must either crouch or be whipped. So goes the report, probably exaggerated, but in substance correct; and this humiliation may account for his evident embarrassment and distress of physiognomy when I have seen him. Of his cowardice there can be no doubt. He is lowering daily in public opinion, and is emphatically a corrupt scoundrel."

We must not forget to add, however, that when the Erie Canal was before the New York Legislature, Van Buren made his great speech of the session in favor of the bill, whereupon Clinton, "breaking through that reserve which political collisions had created, approached him and expressed his thanks for his exertions in the most flattering terms."

—From this it would seem that the same system of "amenities" afterwards brought to such a high state of perfection by a certain class of editors, prevailed at that day among the politicians. But the custom of duelling certainly gave a reality then to most quarrels which makes them more interesting, from a purely human point of view, than the "contro-

versies" and "issues of veracity" of the present time. It was quite a serious thing to call a man in public "a liar, a scoundrel, and a villain" when the gentleman who was so vituperated might at once summon you to the duelling-ground at Weehawken, on the other side of the river, and force you to give him satisfaction. The epithets we have quoted were in fact applied by Mr. Clinton to Mr. John Swartwout in the year 1802, and were followed by a meeting, in which no less than five shots were fired on each side, two of them lodging themselves in Mr. Swartwout's left leg, and all this notwithstanding that Clinton had "no unkind feelings whatever" for Swartwout, his real enemy being Burr. Among other curious things in these papers is to be found a sort of recipe for the denigration of character, which is a valuable and novel contribution to political science. Mr. Clay had been charged with having "sold his influence" in Congress to Mr. Adams, and James Buchanan had been designated by General Jackson as one who could testify to the fact. Of course Buchanan could do nothing of the kind, and Clinton writes to his friend Post that "the affair had been badly manœuvred," and proceeds to inform his correspondent that the charge of corruption ought to have been proved, not by "the evidence of an accomplice," which is "rarely worthy of credit," but by accumulated evidence, which he sums up as follows:

- "1. The known habits of the parties.
- "2. An arrangement for their mutual benefit; and,
- "3. This in opposition to C.'s constituents, his interests, and Western popularity.
- "4. In opposition to the opinions of Adams's best friends.
- "5. The silence of Clay for a long time.
- "6. His imputed advances to General Jackson.
- "7. The known irregularities of his conduct, and the selfishness of Adams.
- "8. The profligate men associated in the corrupted East and West";

and adds, "It appears to me that no other evidence is wanted but the circumstances of the case."

—Mr. G. P. Marsh, in his lectures on the English language, has some interesting statements as to the extent of the vocabulary commanded by different persons. Out of the (roughly) 100,000 words in English, he holds that "few writers or speakers use as many as 10,000; ordinary persons of fair intelligence not above 3,000 or 4,000," and so on. A Washington gentleman, Prof. Holden of the National Observatory, has lately read before the Philosophical Society of that city a paper giving the results of an enquiry into the extent of his own personal stock of words. By a sufficient actual count in various parts of a Webster's Dictionary, and a careful estimate of the rest, he finds himself in command of over 30,000 words; and he regards this as a very moderate, even low, estimate, having found that other gentlemen in Washington count larger numbers than himself in parts of the Dictionary chosen for comparison. His paper gave a full account of the method he pursued, which seems to have been entirely trustworthy. It may be assumed, then, that the English vocabulary, ready for use, of a highly educated man, is above 30,000 words, and perhaps ranging up to 50,000. This is not necessarily in essential discordance with Mr. Marsh's statement, since a man may never have occasion to use by any means all the words which he perfectly understands when he meets with them in reading, and could, if occasion were, employ correctly. Prof. Holden, however, finds fault with the current estimates of Shakspeare's and Milton's vocabularies, counting in the Clarke concordance of Shakspeare some 24,000 words, instead of the 15,000 usually attributed to him, and in Milton's poems 17,000, instead of 7,000-8,000. It would be interesting on these points to have the results of other independent estimates. In the English Bible he finds, exclusive of proper names, a little over 7,000 words.

—We learn from Germany that the St. Petersburg Sanskrit Dictionary, which has absorbed the time and energies of its two learned editors, Professors Böttlingk and Roth, now for nearly twenty-five years, is completely finished in manuscript in their hands, the printing also being advanced well into the very last letter, so that the concluding part is certain to appear early in the summer. Professor Roth gave, at the meeting of the German Oriental Society last autumn, an account of the gigantic work, which was received with enthusiasm, and the Society passed a vote of thanks to the editors and to all their collaborators, specifying by name among the latter Professor Weber of Berlin, and Professor Whitney of New Haven. Professor Roth will now probably turn a part of his attention anew to the Atharva-Veda, of which he is stated to have received recently from Kashmere a new and exceedingly important manuscript, containing a very different text from that published in Germany twenty years ago.

—The controversy between Professors Max Müller of Oxford and W. D. Whitney of Yale, over the relation of language to the development theory, is

not without interest and amusement to bystanders. Our readers will remember that something more than a year ago Prof. Müller printed in *Fraser* three lectures on "Mr. Darwin's Philosophy of Language," and that in the *North American* of last July Prof. Whitney answered him at some length. Mr. George Darwin, in the *Contemporary* for November, introduced Prof. Whitney's argument to English readers, and now Prof. Müller, in the January number, has answered it in a manner that will probably end the discussion. The substance of Prof. Müller's argument was that language, and the general ideas to which language gives expression, and the Kantian forms of thought in which those ideas are framed, are found in all men and in no animals. These three things only exist together; and it is not merely true that no sign of either exists in any animal, but further, the development of them could never take place in brute creation, because an animal acquiring them would no longer be a brute, while a man losing them would cease to be a man—which seems a revival of the old fallacy of motion, that a thing cannot move where it is, and cannot move where it not, and hence cannot move at all. The theory that there was an intermediate series of forms of which no trace has yet been discovered, in which by slow degrees those marks developed, the Professor rejected summarily. His proof that these marks do not exist in animals was hardly conclusive. His position required positive evidence that no animal has those marks, but his proof was merely negative—that we cannot tell whether they have or not, but that there is no sufficient reason to think that they have. Yet even this position he abandons. The arguments by which he proved Kant's forms of thought in man applied equally well to animals; and he even confessed that the lowest mollusc, capable of voluntary action, might well be believed to will those actions under the categories of Kant. His treatment of general ideas is not more satisfactory. He obviously confused general and abstract ideas, between which, in this point of view, the difference is most important. General ideas, or concepts denoting a number of objects (for example, *dog*), are easily formed and realized in the imagination by calling up the image of some one or more of the individuals denoted. Abstract ideas (like *doggedness*), on the other hand, having only connotation—that is, designating not individuals but qualities separated in the mind from the individuals in whom alone they actually exist—cannot be represented in the imagination, and most probably could not be employed in thought to any considerable extent without the use of verbal symbols. The evidence that animals have general ideas is overwhelming, and, if we understand aright Prof. Müller's admission that animals have "shrewdness, calculation, presence of mind, reasoning in the sense of weighing," he is of the same opinion, or would have been had the distinction occurred to him, and only means to deny to animals abstract ideas. Unfortunately for his argument, there is excellent reason to believe that abstract ideas are not possessed by the lowest races of men, and Müller's proof that they are is merely proof of general ideas. Indeed, it follows from his position as to the formation of roots that abstract ideas could not have been possessed by the earliest men. Thus both his mental marks fail; and his language mark goes as easily, for he does not mean by language mere imitative or interjectional sounds, but radical forms in which the denotation has become broad and indistinct, and the connotation sharply defined; and he shows how these roots were slowly produced by men from interjections and imitations, after a long interval in which these interjections and imitations were the only means of verbal communication: so that man was long man without the mark that Müller thinks inseparable.

—Of course this argument was not likely to be treated as conclusive, and, indeed, English scientists seem to have thought it hardly worth answering. Professor Whitney's article, explaining the rise of forms of thought, general ideas, and radical language, and pointing out the weakness of Professor Müller's argument, with some minor fallacies entangled in it, was welcomed by Mr. George Darwin in an appreciative notice which met the indignant eye of the Oxford professor; and he was out on the war-path at once, in full paint and feathers. His desire for slaughter was too great to allow him to wait to find Professor Whitney's review, and, coming across his lectures on language, published some six or eight years ago, he attacked them at once, and made bloody work with them. The general idea that we get is that, with the exception of some bits on the Semitic and American languages, those lectures are taken bodily from Professor Müller's own works, and differ from them principally in their popular form, their omission of reasoning, their blunders, and their "bold misrepresentations," "self-assertion," and "personal abuse." Professor Whitney, we learn (by ingenious quotation from the scurrilous pamphlet of another German assailant), is "a horrible humbug," a "tricky attorney," whose arrogant vanity yawns and grins in the face of the reader, etc., etc. A thin veil of moderation and candor is cleverly thrown over the whole essay. Remembering the

courtesy of Professor Whitney's review, and the staid tone of the magazine in which it was published, it is amusing enough to read that "it is both interesting and instructive, in the study of Dialectic Growth, to see how words which would be considered offensive in England have ceased to be so on the other side of the Atlantic, and are admitted into the most respectable of American reviews." Small space is accorded by Professor Müller to reasoning in his reply; his scorn is too intense for that. He explains with more or less success some of Mr. Darwin's minor points, but naturally finds difficulty in answering the essay which he has never read; and he adds little or nothing to the main points of his argument, unless the very metaphysical theory with which he closes is to be so regarded. Abandoning the field of phenomena, to which Darwin and his followers confine themselves, he soars aloft to the ethereal region of final causes, and announces that in the unknown he and his opponents are at one again; and there evolves an *à priori* theory of development, in which, of course, natural selection plays no part.

—To the many memorials of Agassiz an interesting one is added by his compatriot De Candolle, who is, by the way, his successor as one of the immortal eight in the French Academy of Sciences. As president of the Geneva Society, De Candolle made the annual report for 1873-4, in which he renders honor to the memory of his fellow-citizen De la Rive, and of Quetelet as well as of Agassiz, not to speak of less distinguished names. The notice of Agassiz is full of interest. It gives—through his correspondence with Coulon of Neuchâtel, and of the latter with Humboldt—some particulars of his life in Paris in 1832, the year in which Cuvier suddenly died, shortly after he had recognized the young naturalist's genius and opened the way for its development in Paris; and it shows that he, both before and after Cuvier's death, turned away from the flattering prospects there presented and sought instead the modest professorship at the Lycée of Neuchâtel which Coulon founded for him. "Je suis trop peu français par caractère," writes Agassiz, and he proceeds to say that he is not seeking the place for any personal advantage, but that he shall bestow upon the establishment all the means that come into his hands. De Candolle notes this avoidance of great cities as a characteristic trait; that he preferred Neuchâtel to Paris, avoided Berlin and London, where he had powerful friends, and, in America, preferred Cambridge to New York or even Boston. We should note also the early development of a disposition to found, to sow for himself and for posterity, rather than to fall back upon garnered stores, however ample. De Candolle refers with admiring wonder to "des dons fabuleux des riches Américains," and to the large sums given for the support of the Museum of Comparative Zoölogy, both before Agassiz's death and in the *testimonial* since. He adds: "Si dans le temps où Agassiz n'était qu'un étudiant pauvre, il a rêvé un Eldorado approprié à sa passion pour l'histoire naturelle, son rêve s'est réalisé plus d'une fois à la fin de sa vie." We add one more sentence in translation: for the official judgment of so thoughtful and prudent a naturalist as De Candolle is worth recording:

"Agassiz taught in three languages, with the same grace and the same facility. He belonged to no school. Science to him was neither German, nor French, nor English, but of all countries. He excelled in the examination of details and in the comparison of forms. [In other words, he was an unrivalled morphologist.] I could not say that he was equally great in the principles of natural classification and in theoretic deduction. It is at least singular that the author of the immense discovery of the parallelism between the successive forms of the embryo of a fish and of the successive forms of the class of fishes in general, through geological times, should obstinately deny all evolution in the animal and vegetable kingdoms."

—We may appropriately place beside this passage an extract from Dr. Asa Gray's feeling address on the late Jeffries Wyman, before the Boston Society of Natural History, last October. It will be found on page 36 of the memorial pamphlet. The speaker had had a conversation with Wyman some time after the death of Agassiz, and not long before his (Wyman's) own:

"Agassiz repeated to me, he said, a remark made to him by Humboldt, to the effect that Cuvier made a great mistake, and missed a great opportunity, when he took the side he did in the famous controversy with Geoffroy St. Hilaire; he should have accepted the doctrines of morphology, and brought his vast knowledge of comparative anatomy and zoölogy, and his unequalled powers, to their illustration. Had he done so, instead of gaining by his superior knowledge some temporary and doubtful victories in a lost cause, his pre-eminence for all our time would have been assured and complete. I thought, continued Wyman, that there was a parallel case before me—that if Agassiz had brought his vast stores of knowledge in zoölogy, embryology, and palæontology, his genius for morphology, and all his quickness of apprehension and fertility in illustration, to the elucidation and support of the doctrine of the progressive development of species, science in our day would have gained much, some grave misunderstandings

been earlier rectified, and the permanent fame of Agassiz been placed on a broader and higher basis even than it is now."

—"A Prussian," taking exception to our remarks on the late postal-vocabulary changes in Germany, sends us the Postmaster-General's reply to a similar criticism in the Dresden *Nachrichten*. That paper had urged that "posto-restante," "recommandirt," "express," etc., were now part of the world's currency, and that to suppress them in favor of German words was, internationally considered, a step backwards. The force of this argument is weakened but not wholly removed by Dr. Stephan when he shows, for instance, that for "posto-restante" the English and Americans use "to be called for"; the Danes and Norwegians "til afhenting" (till taken away); the Spaniards and Portuguese "lista"; the Italians, "ferma in posta." This is all very true, and if Germany prefers a phrase of its own, and the word *postlagernd* meets with favor, there is nothing to be said. Nevertheless, the *Nachrichten* was right in its main position, that in all civilized countries the post-office officials know what *posto-restante* means, and that (Germany not excepted) they will all have to learn what *postlagernd* means. Doubtless, however, the phrase in question is the best example of universal usage or intelligibility that can be cited, and perhaps it ought not to have been allowed to stand in the way of an attempt at national (and not international) uniformity. Still, the Germans themselves, no less than foreigners residing or travelling abroad, have been amazed at the long list of changes ordered by Dr. Stephan. They smilingly replace the old-time *couvert* (which, oddly enough, is not the usual French word for envelope) with *Briefumschlag*. Indeed, the Berlin *Wespen* declares that the Postmaster-General gave a New Year's dinner of 40 *Umschläge*. When we characterized the new-fangled *postlagernd* as "barbarous," we perhaps spoke with greater freedom than discretion. All the changes were made after a very thorough conference on the part of the post-office officials, and it is proper to be modest in face of their deliberate approval. Dr. Daniel Sanders, too, the eminent lexicographer, has in the *National-Zeitung* of Berlin warmly commended the new vocabulary, and suggested the introduction of *drahten* and *kabeln* (like our commercial verbs *wire* and *cab*).

—It is a pleasant indication of the progress which the study of comparative mythology is making throughout Europe, and of the part taken in it by Italian scholars, that Professor De Gubernatis has just published at Florence, in the form of one of those handy "4 lire" volumes which bespeak a wide popular circulation, a series of 'Lectures on the Vedic Mythology.' The style and quality of this author are well known in America by his 'Animal Mythology' and his contributions to the *International Review*. He is a venturesome and constructive etymologist and mythologist, and many of his suggestions and combinations may fail to receive the final assent of the community of scholars; but his enterprise and fertility in this department are not on that account any the less to be commended. We wish the volume might appear in an English dress, either on this or the other side of the ocean.

FISKE'S COSMIC PHILOSOPHY.*

MR. HERBERT SPENCER'S philosophy has been much praised, but little understood, as was lately shown by the surprise and misunderstanding that greeted Mr. Tyndall when in his Belfast address he gave to it the weight of his own authority. The slight attention which Spencer gave to the old ontological questions of Infinite and Absolute, Noumenon and Final Cause, had something to do with this; the voluminousness of his works deterred many; and his very fertility in brilliant suggestion and vivid illustration, while exhibiting details in a very effective light, obscured the outlines of his theory, and enrolled many among his converts before they had learnt his doctrines. Further explanation was much needed, and probably this could best be given by another mind; for, as an artist can sometimes best judge his work by its reflection in the glass, so a philosophical scheme can often be better judged in its reproduction than in its original presentation. And Mr. Fiske seems well fitted for this work, his mind being evidently very receptive in the best sense. He not only fully absorbs Spencer's views, but he rearranges, condenses, and completes them. If he is at times a little too easily acquiescent, or too timid in original criticism, it is a perhaps not unpardonable fault in what hardly pretends to be more than an exposition of another's views.

The new philosophy includes in its scope the laws of the whole phenomenal universe or cosmos; but the subject-matter is limited by the exclusion of all ontological questions as insoluble, thus following the path marked out

* Outlines of Cosmic Philosophy, based on the Doctrine of Evolution, with Criticisms on the Positive Philosophy. By John Fiske, M.A., etc. In two volumes. Boston: James R. Osgood & Co. 1875.

in Spencer's published programme, and "carrying a step further the doctrine put into shape by Hamilton and Mansel." There is something more than a mere step in advance, however. Both Spencer and Hamilton start from the same supposed contradictions, and arrive at the same result, in the establishment of the unknowable; but their paths are different. Hamilton unconsciously accords a greater validity to the laws of the cognitive than to the laws of the representative faculty, and holds himself logically bound to accept what he cannot realize to himself as true. Spencer seems to regard the laws of thought as no more imperative than those of the imagination, and decides, upon the same evidence, not that the inconceivable must be true, but that we know nothing about it. He brings it back into consciousness, however, in obedience to an inexplicable instinct which he cannot disobey, and makes this undemonstrable belief in a shapeless unknown the corner-stone of his philosophy. Of course this philosophy, like every other system founded on ignorance, must be subject to revision whenever any new light is thrown upon the matter. Since it appeared, J. S. Mill has reviewed the whole ground and removed much confusion, and his work was done so thoroughly that it was a permanent addition to philosophy. We do not think Mr. Fiske has sufficiently considered the changed aspect that these antinomies now wear. A detailed consideration of them is impossible here, and we can only advise the student to analyze them in Mill's method. The problem will then, we think, assume a very different aspect. The difficulty of picturing in the imagination the primary elements of knowledge will remain, but the necessity of accepting an unthinkable conclusion will vanish.

The truth is that Mr. Fiske includes in his Unknowable several very dissimilar things. He puts all the unintelligible and self-contradictory abstractions created by metaphysicians, together with those genuine abstractions which, though intelligible, cannot be adequately imaged in the mind; adds to them certain elementary concepts of the external world which represent real existences too little known to be fully understood, and certain associations so firmly fixed that to dissociate their elements seems to break the whole chain of thought; and, combining with the whole the idea of a noumenon and of a final cause, styles it the Unknowable, with a capital U. It would be a mistake, however, to treat this Unknowable as a mere bundle of heterogeneous abstractions; for what Mr. Fiske usually means by that word is the last element only. The Cosmic Unknowable is the infinite and absolute substance of Spinoza and Hegel, the "Reality of Realities," "unknowable so far as infinite and absolute, knowable in the order of its phenomenal manifestations." But the disuse of the established nomenclature, and the employment of one of the most indefinite of words in a shifting meaning, misleads the student and hinders his recognition of the true character of this unknowable Reality.

One of the distinguishing features of Cosmism is its doctrine as to the external world. Spencer asserts plainly that there is an objective reality, though he does not agree with Hamilton that we are directly conscious of it phenomenally. But whether that objective reality is phenomenal, or whether it is simply the unknowable, it is not so easy to ascertain from his writings. Mr. Fiske is more explicit. He says (i. 80), "We admit that matter does not exist *as matter*, save in relation to our intelligence. . . . But we nevertheless maintain in opposition to the idealist [the cosmthetic?] that *something* is still there," namely, an "unknown Reality which caused in us these groups of sensations." This unknown and unknowable Reality we must believe to be a single and absolute being, "because we cannot think without doing so." We regret our inability to quote Mr. Fiske's argument at length, but we think that these extracts show his real views, although the reader will find certain expressions apparently in conflict with them. Mr. Fiske's universe thus consists of mental phenomena and an unknowable noumenon.

Comparing Mr. Fiske with other thinkers, we find that he differs from Hamilton in denying external phenomena. In this he agrees with Mill, but he differs from him in asserting noumenal reality. In this he agrees with Berkeley, but from him he differs in denying the personal character of this reality and holding it altogether unknowable. In Hamilton's classification he is of the genus substantialist, as asserting a real substance, and species monist, as affirming the unity of phenomena. Like all the subdivisions of this species, his theory is a form of Idealism, as he seems himself prepared to admit (ii. 446). Materialism, which Hamilton places in this group, is really a subdivision of Nihilism, at the other end of the scale, where Positivism also belongs. Mr. Fiske's analysis of the relation of Cosmism to Positivism on the one hand and Idealism on the other shows much knowledge; but it is injured by his failure to see that a belief in external phenomena is usually a part of the former, and a belief in noumenal reality almost invariably a part of the other.

The only phenomena which he recognizes being of the mind, of course the "test of inconceivability is the only ultimate test of truth which philosophy can accept as valid." Here the distinction between Monism and Dualism is imperative. Dualism, acknowledging external phenomena, is obliged to employ a double test of truth. It is not enough that its reasoning should be logical; the precepts which that reasoning analyzes and recombines must also be true to the phenomena which they represent. But Cosmism is partially free from this restraint, inconceivability being its only limitation. Mr. Fiske is generally too clear a thinker to profit by this freedom, and although his theory is of the Idealists, his method is of the Positivists. Indeed, for practical use, he finds the subjective method of very little value, and in introducing his synthesis he explicitly abandons it (i. 272), saying that "the truth of any proposition for scientific purposes is determined by its agreement with observed phenomena, and not by its congruity with some assumed metaphysical basis." The foundation of Cosmism is, nevertheless, essentially subjective, though, curiously enough, Mr. Fiske does not seem aware of it, and attacks the subjective method with as much vigor as if he himself never employed it. In his main synthesis he seeks to establish the law of evolution inductively. But his proof of the existence of the Unknowable, his adoption of the test of conceivability, his argument for the law of causation and the law of conservation of force, are all subjective. Upon the last two he rests the law of evolution, and his proof is far from satisfactory, apparently involving a fallacious use of zero factors. He says (i. 148 and compare i. 258):

"Our belief in the necessity and universality of causation is the belief that every manifestation of force must be preceded and succeeded by some equivalent manifestation. Or in an ultimate analysis it is the belief that force, as manifested to our consciousness, can neither arise out of nothing nor lapse into nothing, can neither be created nor annihilated. And the negation of this belief is unthinkable; since to think it would be to perform the impossible task of establishing in thought an equation between something and nothing."

This is his proof of the invariability of causation. No doubt, if there is an invariable equation between antecedent and consequent, the law of conservation of force follows; but until that law was inductively established the existence of such an equation was the very question in issue. Mr. Fiske seems to think that because we are able to think of antecedent and consequent in relation to each other, there must be a mathematical relation of equality between them. Perhaps he means that we must think of every event as preceded by a cause, because otherwise we should think it preceded by nothing, and to think nothing is to stop thinking. But this is equally fallacious. The thought of a thing as without objective existence, or as disconnected with objective existences, is not nothing, and it may be a sound thought. His trouble seems to arise from his disbelief in objective phenomena; but one would suppose that a writer who could show with Mr. Fiske's clearness the untrustworthiness of our belief in the occult power of a cause to produce its effect, would hardly have attempted to evolve from the effect its cause. His subjective method does not even harmonize the different parts of his system, for his test of truth by conceivability would destroy the belief in the Inconceivable upon which his system rests. It would seem a mere identical proposition that if inconceivability is the test of truth, the existence of the Inconceivable cannot be established as true. The reader will notice, too, how the Spencer theory that necessary thoughts are nothing more than the uniform experiences of our ancestors which long repetition has stamped ineffaceably on the brain, deprives the test by conceivability of nearly all its value. Putting the two theories together, it would seem that the beliefs of semi-barbarous ancestors are the sole test of truth. This results from the failure to distinguish between two kinds of inconceivability—namely, the inconceivability arising from long-repeated association of ideas, and the inconceivability arising under the law of contradiction. The first is, or may be, inherited; but it is no test of truth. The second is a test of truth, but has nothing to do with inheritance.

The theories of Darwin and Tylor, Arnold and Maine, and others among the best of modern thinkers, adorn Mr. Fiske's work; and he has done much more than merely present the thoughts of others. His most important suggestion, that of the influence of the long period of feeble adolescence upon man's social development, is, we think, a permanent contribution to the development theory. But much still remains to be done. A philosophy which gives us as its final generalization two laws, Evolution and Dissolution, both of universal application, one of which is in point blank opposition to the other, can hardly be regarded as completely finished; and the figurative description of them as "rhythmic" only deludes us with an empty semblance of explanation. We fear that Mr. Fiske's treatment of this matter will not be found satisfactory. His readers will scarcely be willing to follow his example (i. 328) in devoting their attention solely to the

law of Evolution, leaving "the process of Dissolution entirely out of the account" as superfluous luggage, and then at the end (ii. 368) accept it as "proved that this eternal rhythm must of necessity be manifested in alternating eras, both general and local, of Evolution and Dissolution." The law of evolution is an interesting one. It may be that it can be established inductively, though the illustrations offered by Mr. Fiske are hardly sufficient; but the admitted existence behind of an opposing and seemingly irreconcilable law of dissolution leaves the matter in a very unsatisfactory state.

These defects of plan, if such they be, are only too easily lost sight of in the beauty of the details. Most of the minor arguments are admirably stated and forcibly illustrated. The summing up of Mr. Fiske's view of the free-will question (ii. 188) shows what excellent work he can do. In so large a collection of illustrative facts there could hardly fail to be some errors, but they are few. There is an occasional over-positiveness of assertion, against which the reader must be on his guard, due in part to Mr. Fiske's not sufficiently distinguishing between verifiable theories and hypotheses accepted merely as the best explanation offered of facts which must be arranged in some way to be of any use. And this misleads him also into accusing Hume and others of assuming positive knowledge in merely rejecting hypotheses.

In religion, Cosmism is not admittedly revolutionary. It (i. 184) "assigns to religion the same place which it has always occupied, and affirms that the religious sentiment must find satisfaction, in the future as in the past, in the recognition of a power which is beyond humanity and upon which humanity depends. The existence of God—denied by Atheism and ignored by Positivism—is the fundamental postulate upon which Cosmism bases its synthesis of scientific truths." The system of unselfish morality which the utilitarians have built up, Mr. Fiske has made his own, and he disclaims any "alteration in ethical values in the grand equation between duty and action" (ii. 453). But one thing Utilitarianism lacked—a sanction; and this Christianity, and Christianity alone, has given. The personal influence of the loving Father and awful Judge has for ages guided the race through its affections and its fears. And if that belief is to fade, we cannot but watch with anxiety the substitute that is offered; and the vague awe with which we turn to this impersonal, unchangeable, unknowable Essence of Cosmism seems but ill-fitted to replace the martyr-zeal of Christianity.

RECENT NOVELS.*

A NEW novel by Mrs. Linton will doubtless be received with interest by a large body of readers already attracted to her by that remarkable work, 'Joshua Davidson.' We believe they will, for the most part, be disappointed in the character of this successor to the candidature for public favor which the former book so successfully assumed; but, for ourselves, we are not surprised at the shortcomings of 'Patricia Kemball.' The story by which this authoress gained her chief renown was excellently conceived and consistently carried out, but the imagination in it did not extend to a genuine grasping of individual character. Joshua, Mary, and the faithful friend were composed of simple and general human qualities conveyed by other vehicles than that of distinct personality. In the more recent book, we have deliberate characterization; but, though not discreditably weak, it is seldom strikingly vigorous, and almost invariably not engaging. Patricia's figure is sketched with strength and freshness; but, like all the rest, it lacks charm. The tale, which, though moderately interesting, is not especially noteworthy for anything but good moral and intellectual tendency, is developed by methods a good deal similar to those of Miss Austen—the same slow and systematic contrasts are observed, the same satire is employed. This satire is satire reduced to its simplest terms—offended common-sense. Unlike Miss Austen, the more sagacious female novelist of to-day does not halt at the threshold of crime, but rather takes pride in her ability to assist at the operations in moral surgery which now fall to the lot of most practitioners in fiction. We do not mean to hint that Mrs. Linton is offensive, as many of her sister novelists are; but an unpleasant clandestine marriage, forgery, murder, and a hanging, result in giving the story a sombre tone, perhaps not altogether healthy. The murderer, for example, it is said,

"passed through life in the odor of respectability, beloved by none, known by none, bearing ever with him the consciousness of crime and the belief in his own eternal damnation, but bowed down to by all. Was he not . . . the wealthiest man for miles around? Does the world ask more, or seek to know more, than this?" The progress of the catastrophe is crudely managed; and it is unsatisfactory to find Patricia's young lover, who parted with her at page 54, suddenly reappearing at page 473, qualified for the marriage that immediately takes place only by the statement that "he was no longer the mere boy, but a man," etc. It will be seen by the above numerals that the book is much too long; but it has the merit of sincerity as a protest against errors of social compromise.

As a novel directly illustrative of a principle, it is very far above Mr. Hale's hasty 'New Crusade.' Mr. Hale's theory of raising drunkards to a higher life is, in brief, that "you must give them somebody else to care for worse off than they are" (p. 74), and that this can be best attempted by social co-operation: "the best men and women can do just what they choose, if they will only work together" (p. 286). Undoubtedly he is at liberty to propose this solution, and there is undoubtedly much wisdom in it, though it would be hard to say how the lowest class of all is to be provided with protégés "worse off than themselves." But we must protest against the make-believe attractive tale in which he has attempted to embody his idea. It is a concession to the prevalent mania for practical illustration. Nothing more convenient to a preacher or lecturer than a good anecdote in point; but Mr. Hale, having none at hand, manufactures one, spins it out through nearly three hundred duodecimo pages, and presents it to us as a novel. Perhaps it is an inevitable consequence that the invention should be slight and bald, and the characters—whose commonplace names are one more point in evidence of the writer's fatal facility—thinly colored and tedious. But Mr. Hale should hardly have carried his inartistic consistency so far as to throw in, after an observation of his own in the character of novelist, the statement that "this remark will displease Mrs. Howe. Still, I commend it to her serious reflection." This bit of personal allusion is quite uncalled for, and is below even the assumed dignity of fiction in which the 'New Crusade' is attired. The story, however, is of a kind that Mr. Hale, disregarding his better abilities, has of late (as in his 'Civil Servant') shown rather too ready a disposition to condescend to; and it is perhaps not worth while attempting to invest it with an importance it can hardly lay claim to by further criticism.

The author of 'Progressive Petticoats' will not, we think, find any fame accruing to him, from this his latest venture, of a kind to be envied. The design of the work is singularly simple: a fictitious Mr. Gill, after some very flat and foolish introductory matter, proceeds to relate the events that preceded the birth of each of his several children. These events all concern the particular mania which took possession of his wife, in the particular interval before the birth of each child: now it is a mania for exactitude in accounts, now for Graham bread and beans, again for the water-cure, and so on. One has misgivings, now and then, that the writer meant to be satirical; but, after all, one is relieved to find how little ground there is for such a suspicion. The sub-title of the book is purely fraudulent. Nobody is "dressed to death" in the course of the narrative, and in fact the author displays a tendency to go to the opposite extreme of suggesting nudity. There are several passages of surprising coarseness in the volume; and we should be inclined to warn all readers against disturbing themselves by any chance glimpse of its pages but for our belief that few who would be susceptible to injury from it will go beyond the first paragraphs. Mr. Roosevelt should have contented himself with the laurels of 'Five Acres Too Much,' which, though perhaps slightly faded by this time, were earned by a more honest effort than he has here put forth.

"It is somewhat incomprehensible," says the writer of 'South Meadows,' "that the delusion of witchery, which carried such consternation into New England and desolated so many homes nearly two hundred years ago, should have received so little attention at the hands of . . . the writer of fiction." We feel bound to say, for our own part, that we do not find it at all incomprehensible, and this not because we think writers of fiction have been so surprisingly wanting in judgment as this author would imply; for "nearly two hundred years" they have been singularly fortunate, as a general thing, in avoiding a subject which really offers them very few advantages, and does not at all urgently demand their treatment. Without assuming that, if the occasion here offered to the romancer is really pressing, it would inevitably have been improved before now, we may still argue that a writer like Hawthorne would have been likely to seize such an opportunity if it had existed. That he made no attempt to seize it seems to imply the check of an artistic instinct quite in accord with what would be our own view on this point, viz., that the witch-

* 'Patricia Kemball. A Novel. By E. Lynn Linton, author of 'Lizzie Lorton of Greyrigg,' 'Grasp Your Nettle,' 'The True History of Joshua Davidson,' etc.' Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co. 1875.

'Our New Crusade. A Temperance Story. By Edward E. Hale, author of 'In His Name,' etc.' Boston: Roberts Brothers. 1875.

'Progressive Petticoats; or, Dressed to Death. An Autobiography of a Married Man. By Robert B. Roosevelt.' New York: G. W. Carleton & Co. 1874.

'South Meadows. A Tale of Long Ago. By E. T. Disoway.' Philadelphia: Porter & Coates.

'Caleb Kinkie. A Story of American Life. By Charles Carleton Coffin.' Boston: Lee & Shepard; New York: Lee, Shepard & Dillingham. 1875.

craft delusion, systematically considered as an historical episode, cannot yield satisfactory artistic results. Mr. Upham's 'Salem Witchcraft' has exposed the historic and psychological aspects of the subject to the best advantage; and the novelist who bases upon the events there treated will most probably find himself, to his own surprise, slipping quite outside of the circle of artistic suggestion. On the other hand, we do not doubt that motives may occur to him for the development of which the time and place of the witchcraft error would prove to be the best media. But the intention of "illustrating how insidiously the superstition entangled even the most intelligent minds," etc., which the author avows to be his (or her) impulse in the present instance, ensures the failure of the book, if it is to be considered as anything but a dull narrative feebly subtended by a few historical incidents and utterances.

So far as Mr. Coffin is concerned, Salem and the seventeenth century could not have led him to anything more disastrous than 'Caleb Krinkle,' the scene of which is laid in the present—a present, by the way, extravagantly conscious of itself, and very desirous to make itself agreeable to a large class of circulating-library readers. Mr. Coffin's estimate of his public's capacity, notwithstanding this desire, is not flattering. Apparently, he considers popularity something to be secured by the use of a very simple recipe: to so much "chromo" sentiment and machine-made humor, so many catastrophes, a suitable amount of bathos, an inordinate amount of love-making—the more foolish and vulgar, the better. Still, he is disposed to give his readers their money's worth in the way of stirring episode; before we are a fifth part of the way through the book we undergo two deaths, a narrow escape from drowning, a coasting accident, a runaway-horse disaster, and a freshet that displaces a house, a child, and a man, bringing the former two into the story, and carrying the latter out of it. The following is a good specimen of the author's power in the pathetic line:

"Faint and feeble now her breathing. Slower turns the mill-wheel, for the grinding is almost done. . . . The team is all but over the bridge.

"Randa, darling!"

"Mother."

"The wheel is still, the grinding ended, the team across the bridge, and Randa beyond the river."

The concision of statement and unity of action here are notable. To prevent misapprehension, it should be stated that Randa is not on "the team," but on her death-bed; and when Mr. Coffin says that she is "beyond the river" he only means that she has just expired. The title of the book, as if to excuse any possible silliness it may contain, announces that it is "a story of American life." This it emphatically is, in the sense of most novels that of late have laid claim to the protection of the national flag. It is American with "all the fixings," including the Western prairies. These, it is true, are handled somewhat timidly, as if Mr. Coffin's conscience had begun to reproach him at this point; but presently he applies the match and produces a prairie-fire, which little device, assisted by more death, various love-complications, villany, flight, shipwreck, and an emigrant wagon, brings the whole story happily to a close. The reading of such a book induces a dependency from which the only escape lies in reflecting upon the dreadful pangs of remorse which the author himself must suffer on seeing his production in print.

Fine Arts.

COLONEL MULBERRY SELLERS.

THE success of Mr. Raymond, an actor hitherto only known in minor parts, in the character of "Colonel Mulberry Sellers," deserves more than a passing notice. The "Gilded Age" is not by any means the first attempt to put American life on the stage. Were it not that a clever actor has succeeded in creating a part in it, we should almost be inclined to say it was the worst of them all—though it would be going far to say so when we recollect such of the others as "Divorce," "Saratoga," and "Women of the Day." But a play, like a tree, must be judged by its fruits, and so Mark Twain and Mr. Warner are fairly entitled to a share of the credit in this case, just as the original author and modern adapter of "Rip Van Winkle" cannot be altogether excluded from the praise of Mr. Joseph Jefferson. There are indeed in the plays of "Rip Van Winkle" and the "Gilded Age" some features, not exactly in common, which make the success of the principal actors in them quite as natural as the failure of their much more ambitious rival, the American "society play." The theory on which the latter is constructed is that there is in America a body known as "society," consisting of a small and select number of people, segregated from the

crowd by peculiar customs and different if not more polished manners, who live a life apart and above the rest, who live in society, love in society, marry in society, and die in society. The kind of atmosphere which the "society" play in theory demands is that which may be found attempted in another line of art by such novels as 'Never Again.' The existence of any such society in America has always been with us a matter of grave doubt. American society consists, speaking roughly, of those who can afford it. It is not more difficult to "get into" it than it is to get rich; and it requires no very great amount of training to know how to get along in it when you have once been admitted. Manner, strictly speaking (which, every one knows, if not the life and soul of the stage, is at any rate essential to its existence), is carefully avoided, and instead of a minute code of by-laws enforced by the societies of the past, as we know them on the stage and in literature, as for instance in the "School for Scandal," in the "Rivals," or in Molière, the main object of modern society is to root these out, and to substitute for them a colorless, frank *bonhomie*, which shall express no individuality and hurt no one's feelings. It is, too, not only manner which is frowned upon, but manners as well, though for different reasons. Manner seems to us like affectation; manners are too much trouble. Besides this, there is no social nucleus in America, no central point which remains fixed from generation to generation, to set a standard and "draw the line." Families with us do not last very long as families, because we do our utmost to break them up, disintegrate their cohesion, and dissipate their property by law. There is no court, and no one ever went to Washington to learn the rules of society. In other countries, and in society as we know it from books, there is a body of social law which imposes a number of well-defined duties upon every member, and enforces these duties with the horrid sanction of public opinion; these duties consist of a certain number of definite acts and observances, every one learning what is the proper thing to be done or to be omitted in a given situation. But in a country like America, where society is in a fluctuating state, where its leaders are from generation to generation "selected" by the accumulation of wealth, or else are cases of "survival" from an older set, such precision as this is felt to be out of place, and the result is, as almost any American will be willing to admit who has ever had a foreigner travelling in this country in his care, that the most difficult thing in the world to explain is what is and what is not "permitted." But only by the difference between what is and what is not permitted do we recognize the existence of "society" in the strict sense of the word.

Add to all this that there are certain general causes at work in America which are directly hostile to "society." It has passed, in the first place, very much into the hands of the young, who go out to parties and places of amusement in large herds, being left very much to do as they please, the older people either not going out at all, or merely taking the place with regard to their children that nurses take with children of a smaller growth. The jaded American parent, as a rule, avoids society, and of course a society which is really carried on by crowds of both sexes between eighteen and twenty-five cannot have any very distinctive and marked customs. Beyond the somewhat vague desire to "have a good time," it has no particular aims or laws of any kind.

For these and other similar reasons the "society" play in this country, among those who are really fond of the stage *quâ* stage, has become a by-word. It is an attempt at a dramatic representation of a kind of life which is a creature of the mind and has no real existence, and as a proof of this we need go no further than to recall the fact that the "society" play generally includes the settlement of a difficulty about one of the women by means of a duel—a custom which to nine-tenths of the audience is a purely literary one, and has no relation whatever to actual life.

Such plays as the "Gilded Age" belong to an entirely different category from those ambitious dramas which undertake to reveal to curious eyes the secrets of fashionable life at Saratoga and Long Branch, and which actually reveal only unfathomed depths of vulgarity and nonsense. Mark Twain and Mr. Warner have undertaken to give us American life as it really exists. We have here several well-known American characters—the impoverished Eastern emigrant, with his wife and children, to whom the boundless resources of the West have as yet been only the means of sinking him deeper and deeper in that sort of squalid poverty which ends in the creation of "mean whites"; we have him living on from day to day with his wife and children, in hope of a "rise"; we have the young woman of the period, who longs yearningly in the first act that she may do something to "help," and in the fourth shoots her lover at sight; we have the trial-scene, in which she is of course acquitted; and we have Colonel Sellers himself, the sanguine projector of a thousand schemes for making his own and all his friends' fortunes, the confidant of that wonderful man Senator Dilworthy, the typical speculator and American, who cares little or

nothing for the present, provided he and his imagination can have the future all to themselves.

Mr. Raymond is now going about the country acting this part for the benefit of country audiences. We certainly hope he may have all the success he deserves. His Colonel Sellers is one of the few, the very few, American parts that have an actual, independent existence of their own. Go through tragedy, comedy (high and low), melodrama, and farce—adding, if that be necessary, the “supernatural” melodrama, the “emotional” and the “society” play—and in them all are there half-a-dozen characters, properly so-called, who represent any real thing in American life? At this moment the only ones which occur to us, after cudgelling our brains, are Solon Shingle, Rip Van Winkle (the interest in him, too, being half literary and half legendary), the atrocious Yankee in the “American Cousin,” and Colonel Sellers. These characters are all in low comedy, or we might almost say broad farce. The list may be increased perhaps by the addition of a name or two, but it cannot be made long, and in any list Mr. Raymond's Colonel Sellers will hold a high place. It is an extremely nice piece of acting, and, though the character is not a high one in the dramatic scale, it is for that reason not the less difficult. The rôle of a speculator, a promoter of

schemes, a penniless adventurer in Western lands, who should be at the same time noisy, vulgar, and disgusting in speech and action, would no doubt be within the reach of many actors; but the peculiarity of Colonel Sellers, as given by Mr. Raymond, is, that though he represents a kind of American peculiarly objectionable to our higher feelings, he yet succeeds in making the part an attractive one. We like our speculative friend, and we sympathize with his belief in the untold millions to be extracted from each new scheme that on the road to fortune is reducing him to beggary. We may doubt at times his perfect integrity, but we feel with him that ophthalmic experiments on pagan Oriental nations may fairly be excused if they tend to turn the balance of trade in favor of our own people. We are involuntarily pleased with the ex-rebel patriotism which glows at the thought of “The Old Flag—and an Appropriation.” And, as the chain of speculative reasoning on which each new gigantic fortune rests is unrolled before our eyes, we admit the validity of any expectations. The play is worth seeing, if only to witness an American audience in thorough sympathy with an American actor. It is evident from the first act to the last that every one in the theatre is, in his own fashion, be it large or small, a speculator, and that he sees himself reflected from the stage.

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